

Thomas Fox

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

NEW SERIES.

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION AND REPRODUCING ILLUSTRATIONS IS RESERVED.

No. 526.—VOL. VI.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865.

PRICE 3D.—STAMPED 4D.

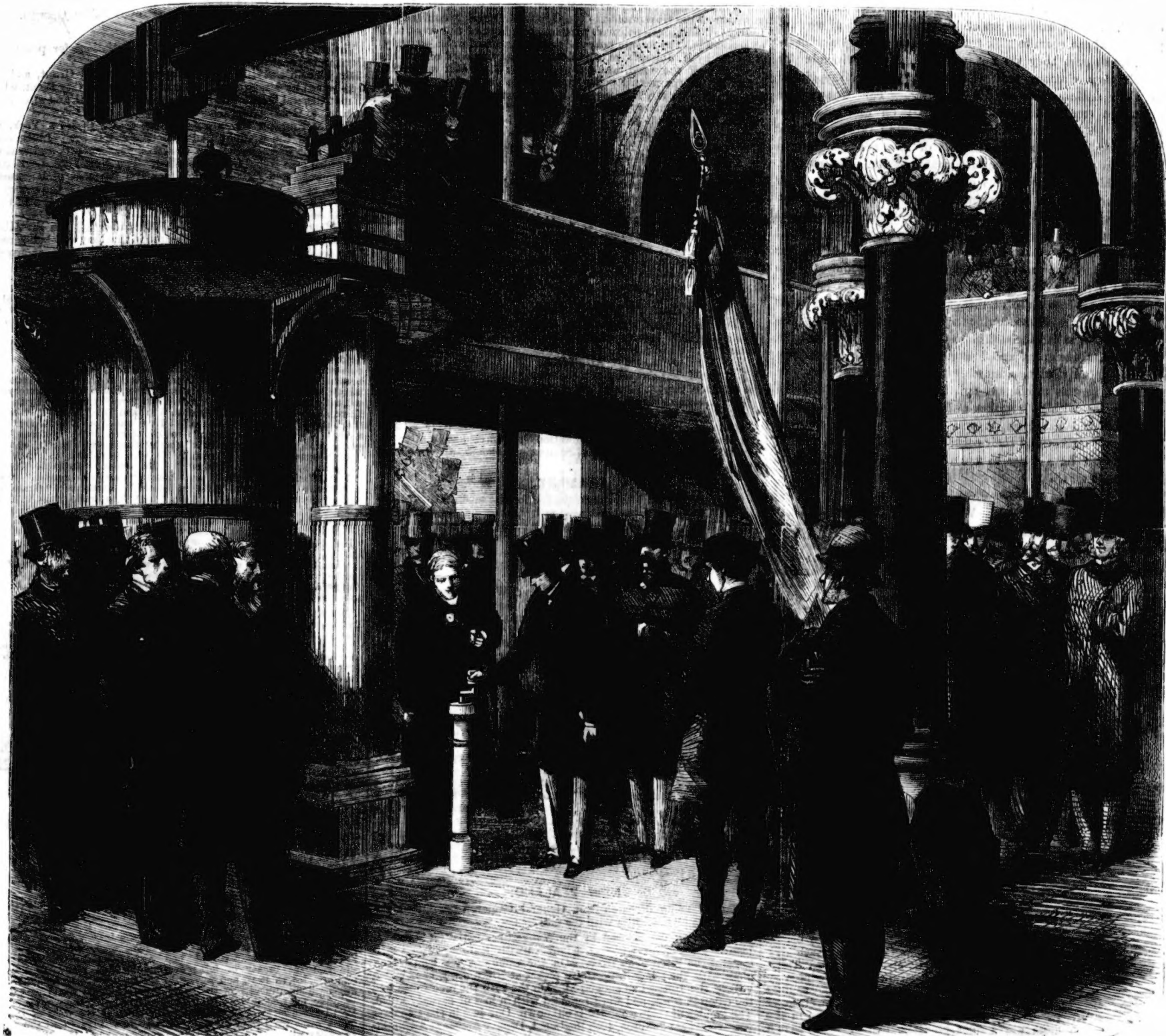
STRIKES VERSUS ARBITRATION.

Is it likely that any system of arbitration can be devised that will successfully supersede strikes and lock-outs in the settlement of disputes between employers and employed? The idea is very popular just now that such a system may be devised, and we should rejoice sincerely if it could be done; but we fear it is a consummation more devoutly to be hoped for than expected—at least, in the present temper of the parties. The thing, however, is at least worth a trial; for a more clumsy, more costly, more ineffectual, and more misery-creating system can scarcely be conceived than that of strikes on the part of workmen and lock-outs—which is another word for a masters' strike—on the part of employers. Nobody ever wins at the game, unless, indeed, it be professional agitators, union secretaries, and so forth, who live without labour by deluding their fellows into the notion that they are engaged in managing their affairs and looking after their interests. There

is scarcely a single instance on record in which workmen have been successful in gaining their objects by a strike; and as few cases could be named in which employers have accomplished all they designed by a lock-out. The best result that either side can attain is a compromise, by which something is sacrificed and, it may be, a little apparently gained on either part. But the trifling advantages that workmen have gained, even by the most successful strikes, have never been sufficient to compensate for the sacrifices endured in securing them. A trifling reduction in the hours of labour, or a slight advance in the rate of wages—which are the objects for which strikes are generally entered upon—rarely confer a benefit upon the individual workman adequately to counterbalance the mischief brought upon him by a prolonged period of idleness. Ruined homes, distressed families, debt, difficulties, poverty for years, and, in many cases, demoralised habits, are the usual concomitants of strikes when protracted for any lengthened

period. And it certainly is very desirable that some means should be found of securing to labour its fair share of the profits arising from its exercise without entailing all these evils as a necessary accompaniment.

Can arbitration accomplish this? We think it might, to a large extent at least, did workmen and employers—but especially workmen—thoroughly understand the laws which govern the price of labour, and were they thoroughly earnest in their desire to obey them and abide by the decisions of the parties to whom their disputes were referred. But all this implies several very significant and obtrusive *ifs*. If men understood the true relationship between labour and capital; if they knew the laws which govern the price of commodities, labour included; if they were willing to obey those laws when their action was adverse as well as when it was favourable to them; and if they had confidence in arbitrators and would abide by their decisions under all circumstances, then all difficulty would



THE PRINCE OF WALES STARTING THE ENGINES AT THE MAIN-DRAINAGE WORKS, CRO-SNESS.

be at end in the great question of labour versus capital; and so would strikes, lock-outs, unions, associations, and all the existing machinery of warfare. If men knew all that we have supposed, and would act accordingly, then they would be wise, and arbitration itself would scarcely be necessary. But then, these are just the points upon which, we fear, men are not wise; and therefore we doubt whether any scheme can be devised which will absolutely obviate all strikes. But because arbitration might not be absolutely and in all cases effective in settling disputes, there is no reason why it should not be partially so; and if even one such dispute as that in the iron trade could be prevented by this means from running to dangerous extremes, an amount of good sufficient to reward the effort would be attained. Laws do not prevent all crime, but they check the perpetration of a great deal; and if arbitration could prevent some strikes, though it did not obviate all, it would be well worth the trial, and, so far, would confer an invaluable benefit upon labourers, employers, and the whole community. Such a system can only be carried out by the intelligent, reasoning goodwill of all concerned; and it would be as unwise to expect too much from it as to underrate its usefulness altogether.

In the successful application of arbitration to settlement of trade disputes everything depends on the spirit in which it is accepted. Neither side must expect—as the ironworkers of Wolverhampton seem to do—that arbitration is to secure them certain positive advantages in a fixed scale of payments from which no departure shall be possible. As no arbitrator could ever, for example, fix the price at which iron shall at all times be sold in the market, so neither could he determine upon a rate of pay for “puddling,” or “shingling,” or “milling” the article that should be liable to no change. All that arbitrators can do is to apportion the relative shares of profit derived from the manufacture of any article between the capital and labour engaged in its production. Arbitrators can never decree any fixed rate of wages for labour in any branch of industry; they can never secure that iron-puddling shall never be paid less than one given rate nor more than another given rate. That must depend upon the amount of profit derived from the manufacture when sold. All they can do is, as we have said, to fairly apportion the current profits between labour and capital. As the ironworkers of Wolverhampton, and we suppose elsewhere, seem to look for more than this from arbitration, we suspect they do not understand the principle for which they clamour, and will certainly be disappointed in their anticipations of its working. The ironworkers must not expect arbitration to be all on one side; the rule of the game cannot be “heads, I win; tails, you lose.” They must lay their account to gain or lose, not according to their own wishes, but to the ruling rates of the open market, not of this country only, but of the whole world. England has no monopoly of ironmaking, though she possesses great facilities for its production; and masters must be content that their profits, and workmen that their wages, shall be governed by the price the manufactured article will fetch. When the demand is good, prices will rise, and a larger amount of profit will be divisible between the capitalist and the labourer. When the reverse state of things obtains, both parties must make up their minds to sacrifice a portion of their gains. The office of the arbitrator will be to determine the time and the degree of these gains and losses. More than this he cannot do, and more than this must not be expected of him. If accepted in this intelligent spirit, arbitration may do much to do away with both strikes and lock-outs; if it is not so accepted and acted on, it will fail; the old mischievous system of strikes and their consequences will revive, and all parties will have cause to rue the folly which brought in again the evil thing.

THE MAIN-DRAINAGE WORKS AT CROSSNESS.

INTERIOR OF THE ENGINE-HOUSE.

THE engine-house is a fine structure, with some architectural pretensions. It is built mainly of white brick, but colour is used in it to great advantage. The main entrance fronts the river, and is a perfect specimen of a dog-tooth Norman arch. It is surmounted by the arms of the Metropolitan Board of Works. The windows are similarly arched. At each end are entrances, and, behind, the boiler-house forms a series of dwarfed arches projecting from the building. The roof is high-pitched. The shaft is a splendid structure of the campanile order. It is 207 ft. from the base to the top of the final, and the foundations go 40 ft. deep to the gravel. It is 26 ft. square at the base, and 12 ft. at the taper. Inside, the passage is circular, 8 ft. 3 in. in diameter. Entering the main building at the back, you come into the boiler-house. There are twelve boilers, constructed by Daniel Adamson and Co., of Manchester, on their patent principle. They are provided with every appliance to ensure economy in working combined with thorough efficiency. Passing through the boiler-house, you enter the engine-house. A good deal of pains has been bestowed upon the ornamentation of the great hall, and with perfect success. The engines stand one at each corner of the building. The cylinders are covered with oak. In the centre is an octagonal framework, supported by wrought-iron pillars, with foliated capitals. The pillars are painted brown. The foliations are picked out in various colours, and the cornices of each pillar are also of different tints, but all blending most artistically. In the framework on the top of the pillars there is for legend “William Webster, contractor.” This framework bears an open ironworked floor, painted French grey, with the inside of each perforation painted vermilion. The effect is extremely good. The roof is painted French grey, which is, indeed, the dominant colour. The tie-rods are red. Running along the whole length of the building, and across it, just below the roof, are wrought-iron riveted girders, 4 ft. 6 in. in depth. These are the lifting-beams, by means of which any of the machinery which may be out of order is lifted from its place for repairs. These beams are painted French grey, and a capital effect is produced by the rivet-heads being picked out in red. Each of the four engines is nominally of 125-horse power. The cylinders are of 48 in. diameter with a 9 ft. stroke. The beam is 42 ft. long and 6 ft. deep in the middle. Each beam works eight plungers, four of which have a longer stroke than the other four. They can be disconnected in pairs. To each beam there is a flywheel of 28 ft. diameter, and weighing about fifty-two tons. The engines work at eleven strokes per minute. They are guaranteed by the makers, Messrs. James

Watt and Son, to lift 80,000,000 lb. of sewage 1 ft. high with an expenditure of 1 cwt. of Welsh coal. They are, perhaps, the finest specimens of engineering work in the country. Round the building there will be a tramway for the convenience of bearing coals. For the coals great storehouses are provided capable of holding 2000 tons, the total annual consumption being estimated at 5000 tons. The coals are dropped into these storehouses from the carriages on the tramway above. For their removal to the boiler-house other tramways are provided, by means of which the bunkers are readily placed at each furnace-door.

The whole of the works at Crossness have been executed by Mr. Webster, and they do him infinite credit. Their total cost will be, including engines, about £400,000. Mr. Webster's contract was taken for £300,000. The engines have cost £45,000, and the various extra works which have been required have brought the amount up to the sum just named. The reservoir alone has cost £115,000.

THE PRINCE OF WALES STARTING THE ENGINES.

On the day of the formal opening of the works at Crossness, of which ceremony we published an account in our last week's Number, most of the visitors congregated in the engine-room. Some stood on the upper grating, which, being of cast iron in pierced plates, was never calculated to bear the weight of so many persons. Others clambered and clung on unfinished balconies intended to give access to the tops of the great cylinders. But all wanted to see the Prince turn a little handle! A small, well-turned piece of iron it was, with nothing particular about it; but when the Prince took hold of it and gave it a gentle turn, the great beam overhead, ten thousand times its size, began to heave upwards, and the first pumpful of sewage was lifted into the reservoir, there to lie until the turn of the tide, when it would be discharged into the Thames to be carried down in the vast volume of the river, to which, many as are the gallons of the sewage, it is little more than a drop in the bucket. Having for a few moments watched the engine at work, the great flywheel of more than fifty tons moving round immediately at a considerable velocity, the Prince, who seemed very much interested in the operations, started the other three great engines in a similar manner, ringing cheers rising from every throat as the heavy beams began the seasaw, which one or other of them will keep up, barring accidents, until Messrs. Watt and Co.'s work is worn out, which will be a very long time indeed, longer than any now living may hope to see. And now the great work was done. Fifty-six thousand gallons per minute were lifted from the sewer into the reservoir by the engines which, as we have said, the contractors guarantee shall raise 80,000,000 pounds, or more than 35,700 tons, a foot high with the expenditure of only one cwt. of Welsh coal.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The debates in the Corps Législatif on the Address still continue, much talent being displayed; but the divisions, of course, are always in favour of the Government. The Opposition strongly contend for freedom of all kinds—political, personal, religious, of the press, and of legislation. The foreign policy of the Government was also freely criticised by M. Jules Favre, who declared that the work of France, in all parts of the world, was still unfinished: Italy still waited for unity, Poland for reconstruction, and Mexico for peace. On this last-named point the Minister, M. Rouher, maintained that the United States have no interest in annexing Mexico, for that would be to prepare forces for the South. The Minister, in conclusion, said, “I consider, then, as phantoms any anticipations of a conflict between France and America. No reason exists for apprehending war. Let the French flag remain a few months longer in Mexico. We have nothing to fear on that account.”

The Marquis de Lavalette, the newly-appointed Minister of the Interior, has inaugurated his tenure of office by suspending for two months the *Union de l'Ouest* for an article in its columns respecting certain rumours. The same paper had already been distinguished by three warnings previous to this, and a two months' suspension. Mr. Maurice Joly, a member of the Paris Bar, is about to be prosecuted on suspicion of being the author of a work which was published six months ago, at Geneva, wherein, it is alleged, the writer holds up the French Government to hatred and contempt.

PORTUGAL.

The Duke de Loulé and the other Ministers have resigned. The King has summoned the Marquis of Sa da Bandeira to the Palace.

AUSTRIA.

It is stated that the manifesto convoking the Hungarian Diet for the month of September next will shortly be issued. The Austrian Consul in Hamburg has been ordered to supply ships' papers to all vessels of Schleswig and Holstein hoisting Austrian colours until the flag of the duchies be definitively settled. But Austria makes the express condition that, immediately after the general recognition of the flag of Schleswig-Holstein, all vessels are to sail under those colours.

DENMARK.

The debate in the Rigsdag on the bill for the modification of the Danish Constitution has concluded at last, after having been protracted for many weeks; but it has only ended in a sort of *fiasco*. Adopted by the Upper House, it has been rejected in the Lower by a small majority. The session of the Rigsdag was closed on Tuesday.

MEXICO.

Semi-official Mexican advices received via Washington state that Corena, after causing some loss to a French force which marched from Mazatlan to Durango, entirely defeated a portion of a regiment of the Chasseurs de Vincennes at Veracruz, shooting, by way of retaliation, all not killed in battle. The French advanced on the 29th of January from Durango towards Chihuahua, returning on the next day to Durango, as they had found the Mexicans prepared to receive them. Negrete had left Chihuahua to meet the French.

CANADA.

A despatch from Quebec, dated the 25th ult., states that “three out of the four Ministers selected to proceed to England to confer with the Home Government on the crisis that has arisen in Canadian affairs declined, on various grounds, to accept the mission. Only Mr. Cartier, Attorney-General of Lower Canada (in the French Canadian interest), consented. The Executive are in a difficulty. A week or two must now elapse before further arrangements can be made. A very critical period has arrived for this country. The cry of ‘annexation’ is again being raised. It is thought by some members of the Canadian Government that the report of the delegates upon their return from England will decide the fate of this portion of the empire. The public mind is very anxious and unsettled.”

NEW ZEALAND.

The following despatch from General Cameron announces the resumption of hostilities with the natives:—

“Hostilities commenced in the Wangauri district on Jan. 24. Lieutenant-General Cameron advanced with a force of 800 men towards the Whaitohara River. On the same day a skirmish took place with the rebels in posting a picket at Nukumtara, near which village the troops had encamped. On the 25th the rebels attacked the camp in force, and were repulsed with a loss of seventy killed. The number of their wounded is unknown. Our loss in the two days was Lieutenant Johnson, 40th Regiment, Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, mortally wounded (since dead); Lieutenant Wilson, 50th Regiment, severely; and Ensign Grant, 50th Regiment, dangerously wounded; fifteen men killed and thirty wounded. On Feb. 5 we crossed the river and encamped on the left bank.”

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

WAR NEWS.

We have advices from New York to the 1st inst., by which we learn that active operations had again commenced between the armies in Virginia.

A battle of a desperate character, but without any decisive result, took place between a portion of the armies of Lee and Grant on the 25th of March. The intrenchments of the right wing of Grant's army extend, as it is known, to City Point, on the James River, near the junction of the Appomattox. This place is of the first importance to the Federals—it is, in fact, the base of supplies for Grant's army, and the means of communication with the army under Ord, north of the James River. This part of the Federal lines is very strongly defended. In fact, a number of forts, or earthworks, mounting heavy guns and strongly garrisoned, extend from City Point southwards to the line of the Petersburg and Norfolk Railroad. Upon these forts a most determined attack was made by three Confederate divisions under General Gordon. The onset of the Confederates at first carried all before it. Fort Steadman and another fort were carried by assault, and their guns turned against their late defenders. The advantage was promptly followed up by an attack upon a third position, known as Fort Askell. The moment had become a critical one for General Grant and his army. If their communications had been cut off with City Point the whole bulk of the army south of the James would have been cut off and placed in the most imminent danger. An overwhelming concentration of troops was directed towards the threatened position, and the Confederate attack upon Fort Askell failed. The General commanding, it seems, was killed, and his force left without a head, and, so hardly pressed as to be in danger of being surrounded, was compelled to fall back from the line which it had captured. The enemy then pursued his advantage and captured an advanced line of the Confederate pickets. An attempt was made to retake them on the 27th, but it does not appear to have succeeded. Altogether, the Federals seem to have lost heavily in the battle. They admit a loss of 3000 men. The Confederate loss, which they state to have been as great, is characterised by General Lee as “trifling.” A movement had subsequently commenced in the army of General Grant, in which Sheridan took part. The Confederate pickets were driven back, and some skirmishing, with trifling losses on both sides, took place. A serious engagement was expected.

Sherman had effected a junction with Schofield and Terry and had occupied Goldsborough, where his army was resting. Johnston was in their front. The result of the late battle in North Carolina had been to compel Sherman to change his line of advance and to make Goldsborough, instead of Raleigh, the State capital, the point aimed at.

The Federal forces advanced against Mobile on the 18th ult., and, from heavy firing which was heard on the 21st, it was believed that the attack had commenced. Mobile was said to be provisioned for a six months' siege.

General Thomas had effected a junction with Gillem at Knoxville, and the ultimate object of this combined movement was believed to be the capture of Lynchburg.

The Federals had evacuated and destroyed Dalton, Georgia.

GENERAL NEWS.

Various rumours were current that negotiations for peace were about to be renewed.

Mr. Lincoln was still with the army of General Grant, and had been joined by Mr. Seward. Sherman had visited City Point, where he met General Grant, Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Seward, and afterwards returned to Goldsborough.

Volunteering for the army having ceased in New York, the execution of the draught had commenced, but excited little commotion, as it was believed the war was near an end, and that the draughted men would not be enrolled. The New York Legislature had appropriated 30,000,000 dols. for the payment of bounties to recruits, and had authorised the Controller to raise the money by bonds in anticipation of its collection by a tax of two per cent upon all real and personal property in the State.

A Montreal telegram of March 30 states that the St. Albans raiders had been discharged, on the ground that they were belligerents. They were no sooner at liberty, however, than they were re-arrested on a charge of violent assault, with intent to murder.

THE HON. COLONEL PERCY HERBERT, Conservative, was elected for South Shropshire, on Wednesday, without opposition. The vacancy was caused by the elevation of Lord Newport, now Earl of Bradford, to the peerage.

“A STRANGE STORY.”—The present fashion of selecting odd phrases and mottoes as the titles for novels is open to much ridicule. A correspondent has sent us the following as the result of the cursory perusal of a publisher's circular:—“Belial,” feeling somewhat “Alone in the World,” bethought himself of taking a stroll. He passed “The House by the Churchyard,” and, after tramping down the “Wheat and Tares,” emerged “By the Sea.” There, as it were advancing “Against Wind and Tide,” he spied, “Beneath the Surface,” “Breakers Ahead.” This was “A Bad Beginning”—a kind of “Notice to Quit”; so he turned into “Belforest,” and encountered “Some Famous Girls” (both “Black and White”), who have since become “Famous Women.” He was introduced to “A Woman of Spirit by a Woman Without.” He beheld “Eleanor's Victory” and “Christian's Mistake,” and heard “Carry's Confession.” “Here be ‘Shattered Idols’ and ‘Singed Moths,’” quoth he: “Grasp your Nettle,” but “Look before you Leap,” for “Who Breaks, Pays.” Eleanor was “Put to the Test,” Christian was “Paid in Full,” and Carry was “Recommended to Mercy.” It was just the “Darkest before Dawn,” but Belial perceived “The Woman in White” (Moulded out of Faults”) fighting with “The Man in Chains,” and “How to Manage It” she did not know. “Once and Again” she seemed “Lost and Saved,” but at last she inflicted “The Cruellest Wrong of All,” and fled, crying out “Quits!” “A Life for a Life!” and he was “Left to the World,” “Alone.” “It was to be,” and “Such Things Are; for, though ‘Wondrous Strange,’ they are ‘Too Strange not to be True.’”—*Full Mall Gazette*.

THE ALLEGED PESTILENCE IN RUSSIA.—Telegrams received from Sir A. Buchanan, St. Petersburg, report that the fevers in that city are believed to have no affinity with the plague, but are attributed to over-crowded lodgings of the labouring classes, spoiled vegetables, and bad water. The number of fever cases admitted into the hospitals varies from one hundred to one hundred and fifty a day, of which the average mortality has been twenty-five or thirty a day, and the highest mortality sixty. The *Paris Monitor* of Saturday last published a note, stating that the Government had made inquiry into the condition of St. Petersburg, and found that, although deplorable some weeks ago, it is now greatly improved, and shows no epidemic beyond the ordinary sickness of the season.

THE UNIVERSITIES BOAT-RACE.—On Saturday, the twenty-third boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge was rowed on the Thames, and Oxford was again, for the fifth year in succession, the victor. The race was a very exciting one, as it was known that Cambridge had made immense exertions to retrieve her lost laurels, and actually took and kept the lead for more than half the race. The Oxford men, however, appeared to have the advantage of bottom, and gathered vigour as their opponents lost it. The difference between them at the goal was about three lengths. We may add that the conduct of the captains of some of the steam-boats was most discreditably, and threw great difficulties in the way of starting. They went far to spoil the interest of a race which drew together to witness it many thousands more than had ever before assembled on the banks of the Thames.

MAGNESIUM WIRE AT THE GREAT PYRAMID.—Professor C. Piazzi Smith, in writing from the “East Tomb, Great Pyramid,” Feb. 21, says:—“The magnesium wire light is something astounding in its power of lighting difficult places. With any number of wax candles which we have yet taken into either the King's chamber or the grand gallery, the impression left on the mind is merely seeing the candles and whatever is very close to them, so that you have small idea whether you are in a palace or a cottage; but burn a triple strand of magnesium wire, and in a moment you see the whole apartment and appreciate the grandeur of its size and the beauty of its proportions. This effect, so admirably complete, too, as it is, and perfect in its way, probably results from the extraordinary intensity of the light, apart from its useful photographic property, for, side by side with the magnesium light, the wax candle flame looked not much brighter than the red granite of the walls of the room. There come parties—often many parties—of visitors to see the Pyramid every day without fail, and they come amply provided, too, with all sorts of means and appliances to enjoy the sight—i.e., with everything but the needful magnesium wire; and one waistcoat pocket full of that would be worth a whole donkey-load of what they do bring up to enable their souls to realise the ancient glories of the internal scene.”

IS EASTERN (OR LOWER) CANADA DEFENSIBLE?
AND, IF SO, HOW?

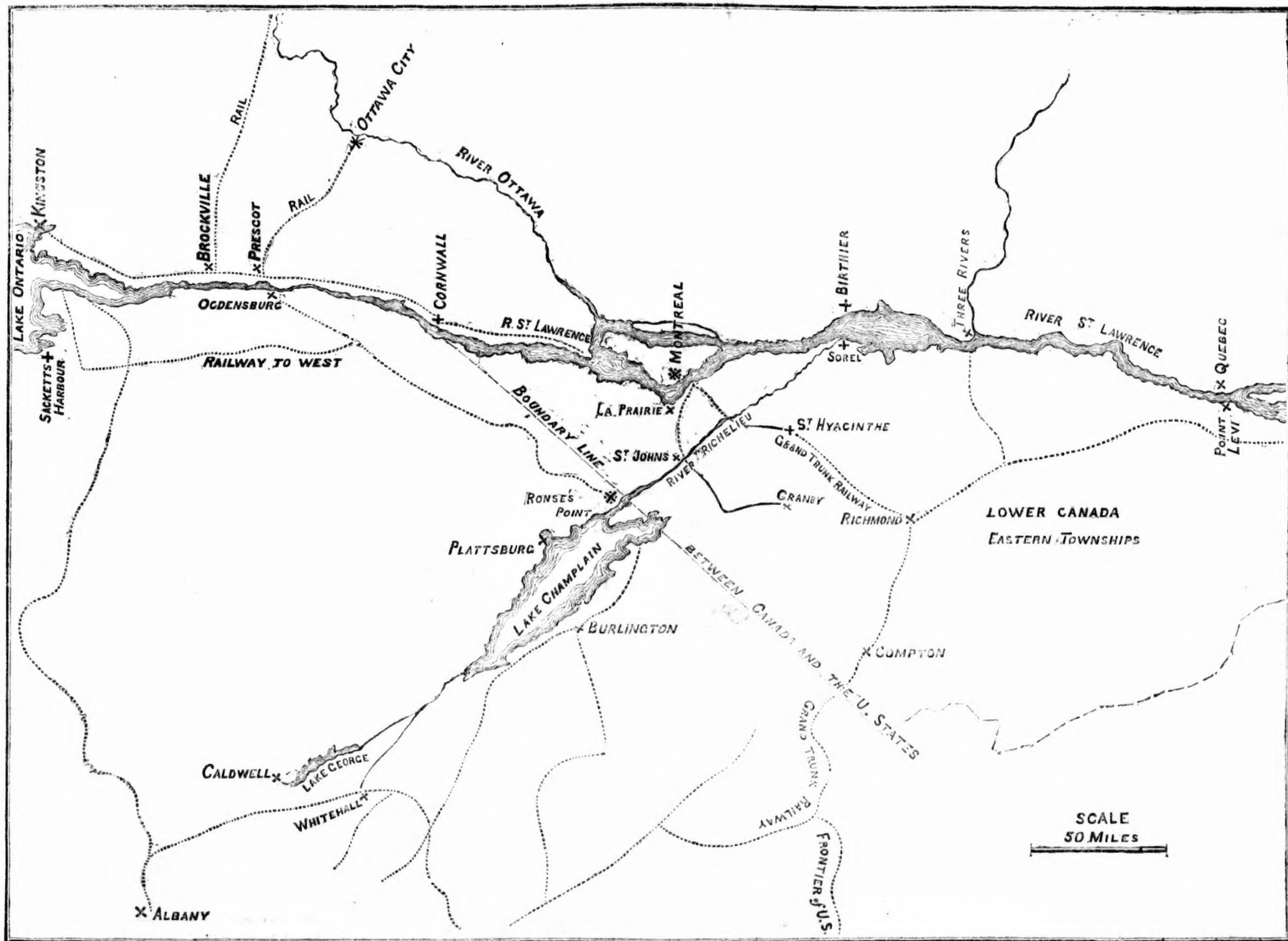
(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES.)

SIR.—This all-important question, which has so recently engaged the attention of Parliament and excited universal interest, can best be answered, perhaps, by military men who have studied the frontier district of that country with somewhat of strategic acumen, especially if their topographic studies of the ground itself have been made with reference to contingent hostilities and been guided by the light of the historical past in respect to former American invasions of Lower Canada. From the general tone of the House of Commons' debates, it is quite evident that the physical features of Eastern Canada are not familiar to many of the members who took part in the discussion of its "defence;" for, with almost the single exception of Viscount Bury, the River St. Lawrence as a water barrier, and Quebec and Montreal as points d'appui for the main forces of the Lower Province to occupy and defend à l'outrance, were taken for granted as the only means to such an end; whilst the feasibility of protracting and checking perhaps even a Federal attack on those cities by a system of earthworks, duly échelonné from the frontier down even to Montreal itself, was never hinted at, except by that nobleman. Now, let us assume such an eventuality as this Federal invasion of Canada East, and let us treat it hypothetically,

by referring to the accompanying correctly-drawn sketch and map, to shape aright our treatment of the question strategically. Now, I may premise by stating that Montreal, *selon moi*, is the very heart and brain in one of all the Canadas; and that if this position can be maintained by the Canadians, with their English auxiliaries, in case of a Federal invasion no American force could permanently hold the Canadas in their entirety; for they could be "choked off their hold" by the tenure of that city by the Canadians, as the Ottawa River to the north-west would always render any settlement insecure throughout that triangular area embraced by it and Lake Ontario; whilst the St. Lawrence, as an arterial stream of commerce Atlanticwards, would be barred downwards for the same reason. Moreover, the rapids above that city would render it impossible for any Federal gun-boat flotilla to attack Montreal, and from below a similar flotilla attack is not to be dreamt of.

Consequently, the queen of Canadian cities must be assailed, as it was before by General Montgomery, by the Richelieu Railway route, via St. John's. Now, if we look at the map, we find that Lower Canada is pierced, frontierwards, by three railways, which form also continuously arterial railways to the west, midland, and eastern States of Federal America; and by these routes of course their troops and matériel de guerre would be conveyed to the Canadian frontier in the event of a war—Plattsburg, Rouse's Point, and Burlington constituting, we may presume, their three dépôts and their military base of operations. Let us suppose their armies, then,

massed about Rouse's Point and threatening the invasion of Eastern Canada, what is the first defensive step to be taken by the Canadians? Why, this: They must remove at once all the rails that lead towards Montreal, and thus make the invaders take to the narrow forest roads, where their masses will be reduced to a very narrow front, and so render their long extended columns all the more exposed to the fire of the Canadian militia and volunteers hid in the woods that border the whole line of route; and at this kind of bush-fighting, provided they are well armed with our best rifles, we need not fear but that they will give a good account of their foes. I would suggest also that a series of star-forts, of earthwork, be échelonné all the way from Odell Town to the St. Lawrence, each defended by palisades and abatis; and that Ile-aux-Noix, Chambly, and St. John be made especially strong, as our points d'appui; whilst the termini of the two railways that abut on Montreal must be made as powerfully obstructive to an invading force as military engineering can effect it by bastioned têtes-du-pont, with chevaux-de-freize in the ditches, and redans, lunettes, and even flanking star-forts (all of earthwork) to render the passage of the guardian river, St. Lawrence, almost impassable to the enemy, and especially to secure that glorious triumph of engineering skill, the famed tubular bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway. The raw Canadian militia and the patriotic volunteers will thus be a better match for Federal soldiers, for they will meet them in the forest on more equal terms, as simple marksmen; and,



EASTERN (OR LOWER) CANADA, SHOWING THE BOUNDARY LINE SEPARATING CANADA FROM THE UNITED STATES.

if they are but taught to skirmish in the bush by sound of whistle, and are intermixed with a sprinkling of English Line soldiers, to give them confidence, I feel well assured that the Federals will be kept long at bay, if not obstructed altogether in their march towards Montreal; for, by this forest-fighting system recourse is had to the old plan of encountering the Americans in former wars, when the defenders of Canada, though so few in number themselves and so feebly supported by British bayonets, yet repelled and resisted effectually, more than once, their more numerous and better-organised American foes. Let their motto, therefore, be that heart-appealing, shoulder-to-shoulder clan cry, "Stand fast, Craigallackie!"

H. E. A.

THE WAR IN BHOOTAN.

THE following letter from a young officer of artillery, who had charge of the guns in the late repulse of the British force at Dewangiri, gives an interesting account of the unfortunate affair:—

Koomerekottah, Feb. 7, 1865.

... I never thought that I should have to write such a letter as this. We have been most soundly thrashed by the Bhootas, and, what is far worse, for me, they have got my guns—not taken in fight, or I should not be here to tell it, but thrown away in our retreat for want of means to carry them. To begin at the beginning, about four a.m. on Jan. 30 our camp at Dewangiri was suddenly turned out by yells, shrieks, musket-shots, and every horrible noise that it would be possible to be awakened by. We rushed out in our night costume, and I got my men to their guns. It was pitch dark, only illuminated by the constant flashing of muskets on every side. Our camp was literally surrounded. Young Urquhart, with his sappers, was hard pressed, and he himself was one of the first shot down while leading his men at a charge. We at last drove the enemy off from one part of the camp after another, getting rid of the last about nine o'clock. We then found that, out of a force of seven officers and 400 men, one officer was killed, one wounded, and fifty men killed or wounded. It was a large proportion. We "accounted" for a large number of the Bhootas and took a few prisoners, all of whom stated the Bhoota force to be 5000, and that the Rajah had sworn to turn us out. We laughed at the idea, and sent off to Gowhattee for reinforcements. The letter got there that evening, and on the 1st of February we got an answer to say that our force was ample, and that no reinforcements would be sent. That evening our principal supply of water was cut off, and we had no men to hold the source of it. By the 2nd of February the enemy had advanced and cut off the best pass to the plains. On the 4th they held a hill which completely commanded our camp, and, to add to our troubles, our water was very nearly gone, and there was not sufficient for drinking purposes for another day. It was accordingly decided that we should retreat that night to the plains by one of the passes which was still open. I got fifty men of a native infantry

regiment to help to carry my guns. They couldn't be dragged, they had to be taken off their carriages and carried. We started at one a.m. on the 5th. The wounded came first, carried by 200 men of the 43rd Regiment Native Infantry; then my guns, with fifty of the same regiment. These men, who were told off to help with my guns, all bolted, and left me with sixteen artillerymen to shift for ourselves. We struggled on for about a mile up a very steep, bad path. At last I found it was out of the question attempting to carry the guns further. We were perfectly alone, expecting every instant to have these savages on us. It was no use sacrificing the men as well as the guns, so I spiked the latter and threw them into a ravine. Pushing on, we first came on two of my own wounded men, deserted on the road. We took them on, and then came upon a sepoy deserted in the same manner. It was now getting light, and I saw we had completely lost the rest of the force. About seven a.m. the Bhoota yells were heard in our rear. By this time I had picked up about a dozen straggling sepoy and a lot of camp followers. These latter bolted the moment they heard the Bhootas, which was a good thing for us. I got the rest together, and kept the fellows at a distance by constantly turning and letting the men who were carrying the wounded get on a bit. At one time my small party was completely surrounded. Our only chance was to attack the lot in front. I took all the men I could spare (only eight), and gave them a volley at twenty paces, which made two bite the dust; then, with a rush, we put them to flight. They still continued to follow us up, but kept a respectful distance, evidently seeing that men who were fighting for their lives were not to be trifled with. How rejoiced I felt when I first saw the plains! I knew all was right then. I got all my men safely into camp here at sunset, having brought out four wounded men and several sick, who had been deserted by the men told off to escort them. We had been sixteen hours marching. My men behaved splendidly. I wish I could say the same for all the others. I wish they would hand over to my tender mercies those who deserted the sick and wounded. They ought to be hung. I don't think any blame can attach to me for throwing away the guns. In my own conscience I feel perfectly clear; but, oh! so small. To be beaten by the men we have been despising is too much, and I feel thoroughly sick. One of the first maxims of war is, "Never despise your enemy." Would we had thought of it!

A telegram has been received at the India Office announcing that General Tombs, the new commander of the Bhootan expedition, had recaptured Dewangiri. The enemy fought well and lost a great many men and two chiefs. Our loss was very slight.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.

THE report of the Registrar-General of the Agricultural and Emigration Statistics Office in Dublin for the year 1864 has been issued. According to the returns there has been an increase of 12,421 acres under tillage in 1864 compared with the previous year. Cereals decreased by 121,782 acres—wheat, barley, bere, and rye having increased to the extent of 17,215 acres, and oats decreased to the amount of 138,997 acres. The decrease in the area under oats was not confined to any particular locality, but extended to every

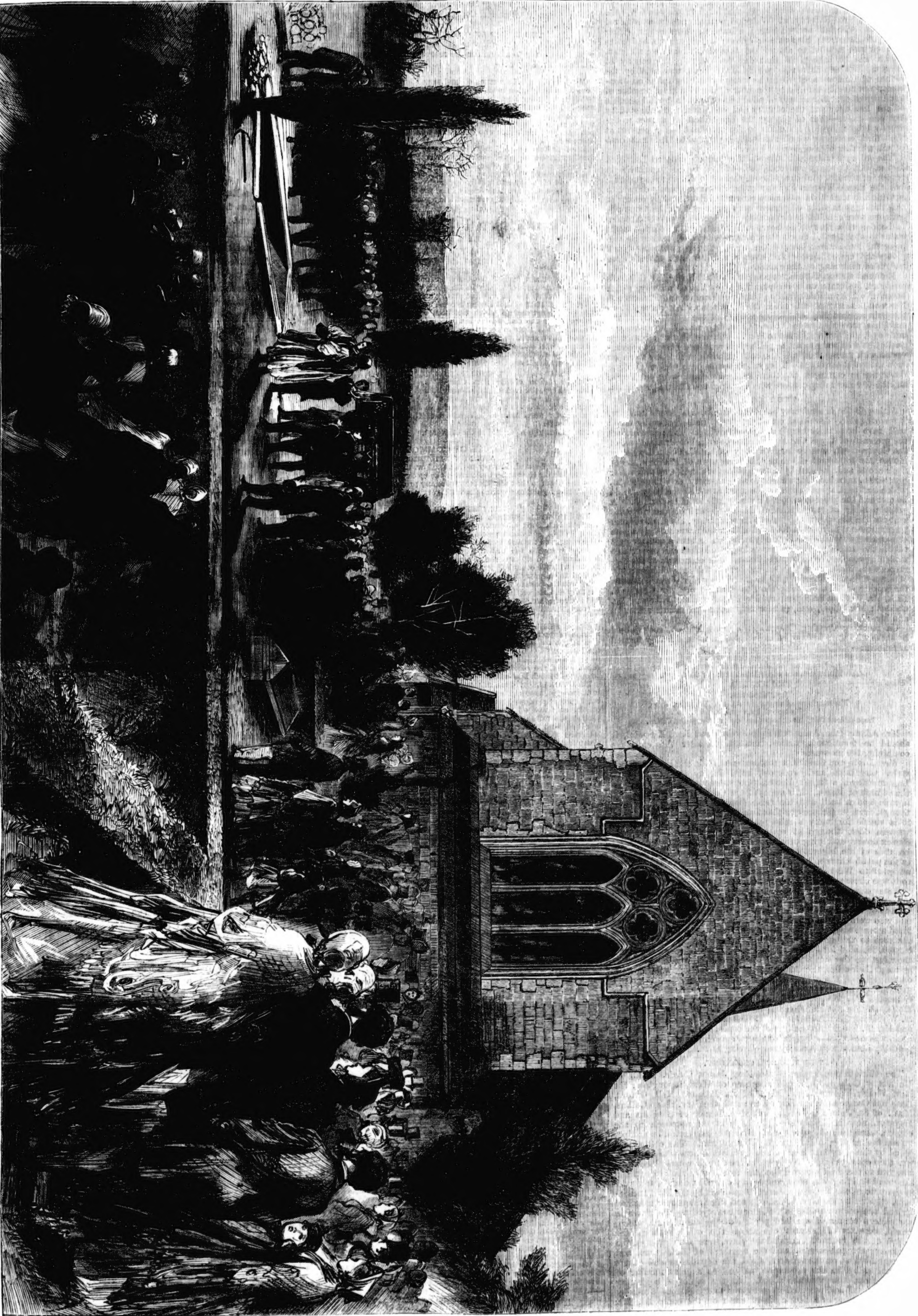
county. In potatoes there was an increase of 16,310 acres. Turnips, mangold wurtzel, and cabbage, taken collectively, decreased by 18,632 acres. The acreage under flax in 1864 amounted to 301,693 acres, being an increase of 87,594 acres compared with 1863, the largest extent sown in any year since 1847, when these returns were first collected. This increase, as might be expected, was principally in Ulster, where it amounted to 70,786 acres; in Connaught the increase was 6110, and in Munster and Leinster, 6398 and 5290 acres respectively. The area occupied by meadow and clover was 1,560,638 acres in 1863; and in 1864, 1,609,569: being an increase of 48,931 acres. In the estimated produce of the crops per statute acre there has been a decrease of 0.2 cwt. in wheat, of 0.7 cwt. in oats, and of 2.1 cwt. in rye, and an increase of 0.6 cwt. in bere. The acreable yield of potatoes increased by 0.7 ton; turnips decreased by 1.6 ton, mangold-wurtzel by 0.8, and cabbage by 0.7 ton. In flax there was an increase of 2.3 stones; meadow and clover diminished by 0.2 ton per statute acre. With respect to the total produce there has been a falling off in cereals of 1,062,714 quarters in 1864 compared with 1863. This decrease was caused not only by the diminished area under oats, but also by the decrease in the acreable yield causing a diminution of 1,102,339 quarters in the produce of this crop alone. In wheat there was an increase of 37,876 quarters; in barley, of 3380; and in bere, of 1194; and a decrease of 2815 quarters in rye. In the produce of potatoes there was an increase of 866,439 tons, attributable to a greater acreage under this crop in 1864, and also to an increased yield. The produce of turnips, mangold-wurtzel, and cabbage diminished by 789,988 tons. In flax there was a large increase, amounting to 21,860 tons, owing to the increased area and a more abundant yield. The produce of hay diminished by 154,880 tons, in consequence of the decrease in the acreable yield.

The emigration from Irish ports during the year 1864 amounted to 114,903 persons—of whom 61,125 were males, and 53,778 females, being a decrease of 2917 compared with the previous year; this number includes 734 persons, natives of other countries, who embarked at Irish ports. Of the total number who emigrated during the year 1864, 48,397 were from Munster; 19,853 from Ulster; 19,790 from Leinster; and 18,121 from Connaught; the provinces from which 8008 emigrants came were not ascertained. Respecting the ages of the emigrants, 12,805, or 17.2 per cent, were under fifteen years of age; 72,207, or 62.9 per cent, were from fifteen to thirty-five; 14,152, or 12.3 per cent, were thirty-five years of age and upwards; and the ages of the remaining 8704, or 7.6 per cent, were not specified.

STATE OF LANCASHIRE.—Happily for the country, the Lancashire Relief Committee has almost been forgotten of late. The Central Executive Committee still meet, however; and on Monday afternoon Mr. Farnall, the poor-law inspector, gave in a detailed report from which it appears that the number of persons relieved was diminished last week by the number of 10,500; while a report from Mr. McClure, the honorary secretary, states that 7327 operatives were employed this month more than last month. The health of the district, it was stated, was very satisfactory. The Lord Mayor of London and the Lord Mayor of Dublin were present during part of the proceedings, and expressed their gratification with all they had heard.



INTERIOR OF THE ENGINE-HOUSE AT THE MAIN-DRAINAGE WORKS, CROSSNESS.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. CORDEN, IN WEST LAVINGTON CHURCHYARD, SUSSEX.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. COBDEN.

THE JOURNEY FROM LONDON.

No greater proof—if proof were at all needed—of the great regard in which Mr. Cobden was held by so large a body of his fellow-countrymen could be afforded than by the circumstance that on Friday morning week were assembled on the platform of the South-Western Railway at Waterloo station nearly a hundred gentlemen who had arrived from the large northern towns, either as deputations from corporate or private bodies, or who had come on their own motion, to attend the funeral of the late politician, which was to take place that day far away in the county of Sussex. The estimation in which Mr. Cobden was held by the House of Commons, of which he formed so distinguished an ornament, was manifested also by the attendance of a great number of members of that House, and of all shades of opinion, but all sensible of the loss they and the country had sustained, and animated by but one desire—that of paying the last tribute of respect to the deceased by following his coffin to the grave and being present at that final ceremony which marks the committal to the silent tomb of all, whether high or low.

The ordinary trains to Midhurst, the nearest point to Dunsford House, Mr. Cobden's residence, were found to be unsuitable in respect of time for the conveyance of those who wished to be present; but the South-Western Railway authorities immediately offered to provide a special train at a more convenient hour, and by means of this large number of persons who proceeded on the pious pilgrimage were enabled to accomplish the object in view and return to London at a reasonable hour, and in ample time for the night trains to the north. Some twenty-three carriages, drawn by two powerful locomotives, formed the train. The guards wore black gloves and crape rosettes, and even the drivers and stokers wore badges of mourning on their arms.

Midhurst station, the nearest point to Dunsford House, Mr. Cobden's residence, is situated on a comparatively new line of railway, which branches off from Petersfield on the direct London and Portsmouth line, and is nearly seventy miles from Waterloo. After a rapid run the train reached Midhurst before noon, and the great body of the travellers proceeded on to Cocking Causeway, a small hamlet about midway from Dunsford House to West Lavington Church; but those gentlemen who were to act as pallbearers remained behind to be invested with the scarves, rosettes, and hatbands, which are worn on such mournful occasions. They subsequently proceeded to Cocking Causeway in carriages, and there awaited the arrival of the hearse and the few mourning coaches which formed the funeral procession.

THE PROCESSION.

Although the funeral may be said to have been of a public nature, it was singularly devoid of outward show. Indeed, nothing could well have been more simple and yet more impressive; for, besides the presence of three Cabinet Ministers, several other members of the Government, and so large a body of members of the Lower House, the tradesmen of the neighbouring town of Midhurst closed their shops, and, headed by a few professional residents and other gentlemen, marched four abreast to the causeway, or village green, which had been agreed upon as the spot at which the body should be met and the procession to the churchyard should be formed. A great number of inhabitants of Midhurst and of the adjacent villages had also assembled here, so that, probably, the gross number present was not far short of 2000, and of these there was scarcely a man or woman but was dressed entirely in black. About a quarter past twelve the simple procession, consisting of a hearse and one or two mourning coaches, left Dunsford House. The occupants of the carriages were Mr. Charles Cobden, brother of the late member; Mr. William Sale, of Manchester, his brother-in-law; Mr. John Williams, the brother of Mrs. Cobden; Mr. Frederick Hogard, Mr. Charles F. Kirk, Mr. William Sale, jun., and Mr. Rhoades, also relatives of Mr. Cobden; Mr. Fisher, sen., (a near neighbour and intimate friend), and Mr. Fisher, jun.

On reaching Cocking Causeway the procession was soon joined by those who were waiting its arrival, when it was finally formed as follows:—

Undertakers and Assistants.
Labourers on Mr. Cobden's Farm.
The Tradesmen and other Inhabitants of Midhurst.

THE HEARSE.

The Pallbearers.
The carriages containing the Chief Mourners.
Members of Parliament.
Deputations from Manchester and other Towns and Cities.

Mr. Adams (the American Ambassador) and Lord Kinnaird, it should be mentioned, walked immediately after the carriages containing the mourners.

West Lavington Church, a modern erection in the Early English style, was built and endowed, in 1850, by the Rev. J. C. Laprimandaye, a former Rector, who subsequently went over to the Church of Rome. It is distant from Cocking Causeway about a mile and a half, and the same distance from Dunsford House, though, from its picturesque situation on a considerable eminence, it is visible for many a mile round. Immediately fronting the western door, though at some distance, is a bold range of the Sussex downs, and lying beneath is a country abounding in natural beauties of the highest order. Mr. Cobden ordinarily worshipped in the parish church, but, as his house is situated in the district assigned to West Lavington Church, the churchyard attached to it was chosen as his last resting-place. On account of the excessive steepness of the immediate approach to the churchyard gate the hearse could not proceed so far, but the coffin, having been removed from it by the labourers on the farm (who were all clothed in black, and who were chosen to assist in the last sad obsequies instead of hired attendants), was conveyed on a bier to the lich-gate at the entrance to the churchyard, where, in accordance with ancient custom, it rested for a short space, and was then borne on the men's shoulders up the steep incline to the church. The pallbearers now assumed their office, the Chancellor of the Exchequer walking first, on the right of the coffin, and Mr. Bright on the left. The other gentlemen who thus officiated were—the Right Hon. T. Milner-Gibson, M.P.; the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, M.P.; Mr. George Moffatt, M.P.; Mr. Henry Ashurst, M.P.; M. T. Bazley, M.P.; Mr. A. W. Panton, Mr. T. Potter, Mr. T. Thomasson, Mr. George Wilson, and Mr. W. Evans. At the foot of the coffin, as the pall was thrown back, was observed a bunch of sweet spring flowers, which had probably been placed there by some loving hand.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONY.

The officiating clergymen—the Rev. James Currie, M.A., of University College, Oxford, Incumbent of West Lavington; the Rev. Walter Francis Elgie, M.A., of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, Assistant Curate of West Lavington; and the Rev. Caleb Collins, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, Rector of Stedham and Heyshot, near Midhurst—met the body at the approach to the church, when the opening sentences of the funeral service, beginning, "I am the resurrection and the life," were read. The coffin, preceded by the clergymen named, and by some others who attended, was then conveyed into the chancel of the church, where places were assigned to the chief mourners and the members of Parliament, and the small building was soon crowded by others who had taken part in the procession. The funeral service was read by the Rev. Incumbent, assisted by the Rev. C. Collins; and when the proper time had arrived the coffin was borne forth and conveyed to the grave in the eastern corner of a raised portion of the churchyard, which, indeed, consists of terraces one above the other, such is the nature of the ground. Around the grave were soon grouped the mourners, the pallbearers, and the members of Parliament, and above and below, on the terraces, stood the deputation and others who had walked in the procession, as well as a great number of persons from the neighbourhood. At the sentence beginning "Dust to dust," and when effect was given to the solemn words by the sudden falling of a few clouds of earth on the coffin lid, Mr. Bright, the most attached friend of him who lay below in the grave, could contain his feelings no longer, but gave way to a burst of tears; while not a few others standing around displayed

similar emotion. After having taken one last look within the grave and reading the mortuary record on the breastplate of the coffin—"Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P., died 2nd April, 1865, aged 60 years"—the mourners silently and mournfully withdrew. One aged man, however, an intimate friend of the deceased, before his departure, cast into the grave a flower as a last token of love. The grave is that in which Mr. Cobden's son, who died a few years ago, is buried.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD AND MR. COBDEN.

The Bishop of Oxford, who possesses a seat at Lavington, and who was unable to attend for the reason assigned, sent the annexed letter to Mr. Fisher:—

April 5, 1865.

My dear Fisher,—I am much obliged to you for your note. It would have been a great satisfaction to me to have been able to pay that mark of respect to a great Sussex Englishman who has been, for us, so prematurely taken away. But I am barely recovering myself from a severe bronchial affection, and am only allowed at present to go out with precautions and conditions which make me quite unable to venture to Lavington on Friday. Would you let any of his friends who would care to know it know the reason of my absence?

I feel his loss deeply. I think it is a great national loss. But my feelings dwell rather on the loss of such a man, whom I hope it is not too much for me to venture to call my friend. His gentleness of nature, the tenderness and freshness of his affection, his exceeding modesty, his master love of truth, and his ready and kindly sympathy—these invested him with an unusual charm for me. How deeply I feel for his wife and for his daughters! I am, my dear Mr. Fisher, ever most truly yours,

S. OXON.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, APRIL 7.
HOUSE OF LORDS.

BHOOTAN.

Lord LYTTON invited the Government to furnish some information respecting the state of affairs in Bhootan, the annexation of all or any portion of which he condemned as utterly useless.

Lord DUFFERIN said, it having become necessary to insist on some reparation for the depredations which had been committed by the Bhootas, an Envoy was sent to demand it; but he was grossly insulted, and no other option was left than to organise a force by means of which the frontier might be advanced to a point at which further depredations could be effectually checked. Reinforcements had also been sent to the expeditionary force, and he believed the object in view would be speedily attained. He could assure the House that there was no idea of annexing Bhootan.

DEMOLITION OF HOUSES.

On the motion of the Lord Chancellor, and after remarks from the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Ellenborough, and the Bishop of London, the standing order suggested by the Earl of Shaftesbury requiring from the promoters of railways and public works in the metropolis returns of the number of persons liable to be deprived of their residences by such works was agreed to.

Their Lordships adjourned to the 27th inst.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE NEW EPIDEMIC.

Sir G. GREY stated, in reply to Mr. Onslow, that the information which had reached the Government relative to the epidemic in Russia was not such as to lead them to the belief that there was any present necessity for enforcing quarantine regulations against the vessels arriving in English ports from the Baltic.

THE DEFENCE OF CANADA.

Mr. CARDWELL stated, in answer to Lord Elcho, that two days ago he received an official announcement that four members of the Executive Council of Canada would proceed to England to confer with her Majesty's Government on the arrangements necessary for the Canadian defences in the event of war with the United States, and the extent to which the same should be shared between the mother country and the colony. In any conference with the commissioners it would not be in the power of Ministers to bind this country without the knowledge and full consent of Parliament. They would take care to do nothing except that which properly belonged to the duty and responsibility of the Executive; and as soon as the conference had arrived at a result it would be his duty to take the earliest opportunity of communicating it to the House.

IRISH RAILWAYS.

Mr. MONSELL moved an address to the Crown, praying that the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the railway system of the United Kingdom might be instructed to direct their inquiries, in the first instance, to the Irish railway system, with the view of ascertaining, with as little delay as possible, such facts as might enable the House to determine whether the provisions of the second clause of the General Railway Act of 1844 should be applied to such Irish railways as were subject to its provisions.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, although unable to give his assent to the motion, assured its supporters that such measures as the Government could properly adopt should be taken to secure an early investigation of the condition of the railways in Ireland. He did not approve of placing the railway system in the hands of the Government, but readily admitted that there were various modes in which Government might intervene to secure the advantages of cheap railway conveyance. The Commissioners recently appointed to inquire into the railway system in this country had already entered upon their task; still it would be possible for them simultaneously to direct the collection of facts relating to Irish railways. If, therefore, the motion was withdrawn, Government would cheerfully undertake to avail themselves of such means as were at their command to institute an examination of all the facts of the Irish railway system without delay.

Mr. MONSELL expressed himself satisfied with the assurance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and withdrew his motion.

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

On the motion of Lord PALMERSTON, it was agreed that the House at its rising should adjourn till Monday, the 24th inst.

THE BUDGET.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER announced that he intended bringing forward the Budget on Thursday, the 27th inst.

OUR CIVIL SERVICE.—In one of a series of reports lately issued on the organisation of the War Office is the following passage, signed "Hartington, Douglas Galt, G. Arbuthnot, and W. Anderson":—"It is with regret that we feel bound to call the attention of the Secretary of State to the testimony borne by these gentlemen—all men of experience in the War Office—to the ineffectual nature of past attempts to improve the condition of the Civil Service. It was hoped that by excluding dunces and ensuring a sufficient but very moderate test of education the efficiency of the public departments would be improved; but it would seem that, so far from this end having been attained, the character of the War Office is such that, if the clerks did their work with diligence, ten per cent of their number might be reduced. We trust that the members of this committee will lend their aid to us in accomplishing such a reform as will remove the evil of which they are witnesses, and obtain for the Government the measure of service which is rendered in private establishments in return for adequate pay."

THE DISPUTE IN THE IRON TRADE.—A meeting, attended by about 150 puddlers—all unionists—was held at Wolverhampton on Saturday, at which it was resolved that they should not return to work until their masters had consented to a court of arbitration for the settlement of all disputes for the future. After this resolution had been passed, however, Mr. Samuel Griffiths (who attended, by request, to explain the resolutions which he proposed at the recent open-air meeting at Bilston) said he was glad that they had determined to have a court of arbitration; but he was sorry they had resolved not to resume work until the court was established, for a delay of several weeks was sure to ensue. He would suggest to them that they should go to work whilst the arrangements for establishing a court were being continued. The former speakers said if their masters would give them a pledge that a court of arbitration should be established they would go to work at once, upon the faith of that promise. One speaker declared that the days were gone by when iron could be puddled at 7s. or 7s. 6d. a ton, and expressed a belief that, if a court of arbitration were created, the men would never be asked to work at less than 10s. a ton. He also declared that he could not understand how foreign makers could undersell the English trade unless the masters abroad were content with smaller profits than the British masters obtained. Considerable discussion then took place, and ultimately a deputation was appointed from that meeting to wait upon the Mayor of Wolverhampton to solicit him to accompany them to the different masters that afternoon. If the promise of the ironmasters which the men recommended was obtained, then it was agreed that work should be resumed; but if the masters decline to give the promise, then the original resolution will remain in force, and the men remain out, until a court of arbitration has been established. The Wolverhampton ironmasters, however, decline to meet the men. Being members of the Ironmasters' Association, they cannot act alone. The puddlers of Staffordshire have telegraphed to Lord Lichfield requesting his Lordship to act in conjunction with the Mayor of Wolverhampton in bringing about an interview with the masters. The question of a reduction of wages to be enforced by the action of a lock-out appears to have arrived at a crisis in the west of Scotland, where some time since the ironmasters gave the puddlers notice of their intention to reduce the wages 1s. per ton, and the millen's wages 10 per cent. The men, by their delegates, on the 6th inst., laid before the masters a formal proposition to refer the question in dispute to arbitration, and offered to argue the matter in writing before such a court. On Saturday last the masters met at Glasgow, and, having considered the proposition of the men, refused to accept or acknowledge the resource or the principle of arbitration.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

(In all cases to be paid in advance.)

Stamped Edition, to go free by post.

Three months, 4s. 4d.; Six Months, 8s. 8d.; Twelve Months, 17s. 4d.

Post Office Orders to be made payable to THOMAS FOX, Strand Branch.

Four Stamps should be sent for Single Copies.

Office: 2, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.



SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

If the Easter week is dull in regard to politics, it is bright enough as far as the weather is concerned, and London is now, more than ever, a nice city to go away from. Not only is Parliament not sitting, but all political affairs are in a state of stagnation, and the political atmosphere is not even ruffled by rumours of movements to come. If the House of Commons is on the point of expiring—and the political doctors say that it will not live to see July—it is certainly dying very easily. Will it leave a will? That is now the only interesting question connected with its actual state. Some think that, before dissolution, it will pronounce a decided opinion in respect to Parliamentary Reform. Others believe that it will end its comparatively long life without uttering a word on the subject.

In the absence of political news, the English journals have lately been paying great attention to an epidemic which has caused great mortality at St. Petersburg, and which, in sensational telegrams, has been simply but incorrectly described as "the plague." The epidemic, which in medical phraseology is termed "recurrent fever," had existed for some weeks in Russia before anyone in the west of Europe called attention to it. During Lent (which falls earlier in the Greek than in the Latin calendar) it proved fatal to thousands of the peasantry, who are described by a local correspondent as having died off "like sheep" in the hospitals provided for them by the Government in the suburbs of the city. This is to a great extent explained by the rigid manner in which the poorer classes in Russia keep the fasts ordered by the Church. Two or three times a week throughout Lent they eat nothing but vegetables, the only vegetables within their reach being invariably stale, and frequently in an advanced state of decomposition. Placards had been posted on all the corners of the streets and on the public buildings warning them against this most unwholesome diet, but apparently in vain. To forbid the peasantry to observe the fasts is more than the Government, with all its power, could venture to do. It might, however, give a strong hint to the priests, who, while they laboured to save the souls of the faithful, might induce them to abstain from practices which, to a great extent, tend to ruin their bodies. In the meanwhile, the force of the epidemic is happily abating, and there is less probability now than there seemed to be a week ago of its reaching England.

For some time past the Southerners and their numerous friends in London have been assuring us that General Lee was only waiting for a favourable opportunity to strike such a blow as would have the effect of liberating him entirely from the pressure exercised upon his army by the Northern Generals. On the 24th of March the Southern Commander-in-Chief did indeed make an attempt to break through the circle which has gradually been closing in upon him. The battle, like so many others that have been fought during this terrible war, was of the most sanguinary character. The losses were immense on both sides; but the Confederates, successful at first, seem ultimately to have been repulsed. The Northern troops gained no great victory in a military sense, but they repulsed the Southern attack. The news of this battle and of the junction of Sherman's with Schofield's forces in North Carolina produced a great effect on the New York gold market; and the commercial betting is now more than ever in favour of the North. It was reported that negotiations with a view to peace had been reopened; but the information on the subject is not very precise. In the meanwhile, it is certain that every preparation is being made at Richmond for a most desperate defence; and, after all the great contests that have taken place, it appears probable that Richmond will be the scene of the greatest struggle of all.

Will it be decisive? If the besiegers should be repulsed the situation will be much what it has been for the last four years. But if Richmond should be taken? After such a triumph as that, the Northerners believe that their enemies would acknowledge themselves beaten and accept terms. The Confederate organs, however, still declare that, even with the loss of the capital, their resistance would not end, and that the war would then enter upon a new phase. Instead of large armies—which, after the loss of the seaports and great towns, it would be impossible to maintain—the Confederates, it is argued, might form innumerable guerrilla bands. So, undoubtedly, they might; and, if they are really resolved to sacrifice everything else for the sake of independence, they might render it impossible for the Northerners to occupy their territory without incurring constant losses. But, in all likelihood, the war will be carried on by large bodies of troops to the end; and, when the South is no longer able to keep an army in the field, we do not believe that she will fall back

upon a demoralising system of petty warfare. The Confederates are not fighting for their woods and plains, nor are they fighting for bare existence; and if, in addition to the important towns they have already lost, they should lose the capital, then the game will be finished; and, if they do not surrender the stakes altogether, they will, at least, have to come to some arrangement about dividing them.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY will this year be kept on the 24th of May, the correct date of the Queen's natal day.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, with the infant Prince Albert Victor, left London for Sandringham on Saturday last.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH intends, it is said, to visit Algeria in a few days.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has accepted the presidency of a special committee for conducting the English department of the French Exhibition of 1867.

MDME. PASTA, the celebrated singer, has just died at her residence on the Lake of Como.

MR. E. J. LODER, the composer of "The Night Dancers," "Nourjahad," &c., died on Wednesday week.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. JOHN CASSELL took place on Saturday last at Keble-green. It was very largely attended.

A TREATY OF COMMERCE between Austria and the Zollverein was signed at Berlin on Tuesday.

A SLAVERY ABOLITION SOCIETY has been formed in Spain under very promising auspices.

MISS LOUISA PYNE, we understand, is engaged by Mr. Bateman for a tour in America, and will leave England very shortly to fulfil it.

A WOMAN AGED 105 has just died at Birmingham. Her death was occasioned by an accident.

THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE KEARSARGE have been presented with 25,000 dols. by the people of America for destroying the Alabama.

SAMPSON PERRY, a prisoner confined in Newgate on a charge of having robbed his employers, has committed suicide by hanging himself.

THE CHAMP DE MARS is to be the site of the building for the French Exhibition of 1867. The whole space, 140 hectares (420 acres) will be occupied for this purpose.

THE COINS OF THE UNITED STATES are in future to bear the motto, "In God we trust." This is perhaps as near to our "Dieu et mon droit" as it might be thought well to go.

MR. HADFIELD, M.P. for Birmingham, proposes to raise a national gift of £100,000 for the widow and family of Mr. Cobden, as a suitable acknowledgment of the services rendered by the great free-trader, and says that his £500 is ready.

THE NEWEST THING IN CRINOLINE is the substitution of silver for steel in the framework of the cage. Several specimens figure in the Parisian shop-fronts.

THE STATE OF MOUNT VESUVIUS is rather alarming at present: the upper craters are almost full of lava, and it is feared it will soon overflow.

A DISCOVERY of what appears to be an extensive and exceedingly rich vein of nickel has just been made on the Duke of Argyll's property, near Inverary.

A BOY, eleven years old, was amusing himself at Holyhead with a swing in an attic, when his neck became entangled, and he died from strangulation.

ANOTHER ROBBERY OF JEWELLERY was perpetrated last week, the shop of Mr. Walker, in High Holborn, having been broken into and goods to the value of about £2000 carried off.

CABUL AFFAIRS are becoming serious. The position of the Ameer is becoming more critical, and reports are current that many of the troops have refused to march against the sons of Dost Mahomed.

THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD has become the possessor of the Greuze which formed one of the chief ornaments of the Pourtales Collection, at the enormous price of £4050. Lord Hertford is said to have expended upwards of £25,000 at the Pourtales sale.

THE PROPOSED CAPITAL of the various projects for which Parliamentary sanction is sought in the present Session is £29,422,938, and loan capital £34,018,770, making together £126,441,708.

THE AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR AT BERLIN has been instructed, it seems, to ask explanations of Herr von Bismarck regarding the Ministerial declaration that Prussia is determined to retain possession of Kiel.

THERE ARE NOW FIVE LARGE BARQUES bound for Quebec in the timber trade lying at Poole waiting for crews, £3 15s. a month have been offered for seamen, which are the highest wages that have been given for a long time. The seamen demand £4 a month.

MR. VILLIERS has added a clause to his bill for the houseless poor, under which the police have power, whenever they see any one destitute, to remove him to the refuges. The casual wards are bound to admit him, and are made permanent, so that parishes have no excuse for not receiving the homeless.

A MARRIAGE took place recently in Paris, and the bridegroom, being unable to write, affixed his mark; the bride, who could write well, signed in a similar manner. The bridemaid, a former schoolfellow of the bride, having expressed her astonishment, the young wife replied—"Would you have me humiliate my husband? To-morrow I will commence myself teaching him to read and write."

CERTAIN DEFALATIONS OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY have now received a new needle rifle, which is said to be of a far better description than that with which the majority of the Prussian troops are armed. It is calculated, however, that the whole of the army will not receive the new rifle for three years to come.

PAPERS WERE READ, on Monday evening, at the meeting of the Geographical Society, in favour of a further expedition to the North Pole. The project for the expedition met with strong support. Among others, it is said that Lady Franklin is in favour of the proposal.

A POLITICAL DUEL has taken place in Brussels between the Minister for War, General Chazal, and M. Delaet, member for Antwerp. The former used some offensive language towards the latter, which was resented, and a challenge ensued. The General was slightly wounded, and a reconciliation followed.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has received the Right Hon. W. Hutt, M.P., at a private interview, the tenor of which is said to have been highly favourable to the success of the right hon. gentleman's mission to Vienna, although it is not to be concealed that the difficulties are still formidable.

THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL has lent her house and grounds at Camperdown for a bazaar in aid of the association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind. Miss Gilbert, daughter of the Bishop of Chichester, is the chief promoter of the charity. Many ladies of high rank give their countenance to the undertaking, and will assist its objects by furnishing and keeping stalls.

PRINCE MICHAEL OF SERBIA, desiring to recognise the benefits rendered by Mr. Cobden to the cause of that country and of humanity in general, has ordered that funeral services in honour of his memory shall be performed in the Serbian cathedral and the Protestant church of Belgrade.

AN ENGLISH SCULPTOR having an order to erect a tablet over the grave of a fellow-islander in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, sent the design to the censors as usual. The inscription terminated with the common words, *Requiescat in pace*. Through this the censor struck his pen with a tremendous burst of holy ire. "A Protestant in peace! No! No peace for a heretic."

MR. JOHN FAIRBAIRN, clerk in the Bristol Customs, was on his wedding tour in August last, when he received injuries by a railway collision near Pontypool, and has since been subject to epileptic fits. He sued the Great Western Railway Company at Bristol, last week, and obtained £3600, with costs. When in the witness-box, plaintiff was seized with a fit.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY have elected M. Prevost Paradol a member, in preference to M. Jules Janin. M. Paradol is a bold political writer, who has been persistently persecuted by the Government; and it is said that the vote of the Academy was given as a protest against the proceedings of the Cabinet in reference to freedom of the press.

POMPEY'S PILLAR.—A curious discovery has recently been made in attempting to repair the basement of this celebrated monument, which seemed to threaten ruin. M. d'Arnaud-Bry, a French engineer, having been appointed by the Viceroy of Egypt to direct the work of consolidation, first of all caused a few of the loose stones forming the basement to be removed with all proper precaution; but it was soon found that those stones had nothing to do with the support of the pillar, and that the latter rested entirely on a cube of very hard quartzite pudding-stone within the basement. Upon further examination, it was discovered that this cube bore an inscription in hieroglyphics turned upside down; and was, in fact, the capital of a column belonging to one of the temples of Upper Egypt, and conveyed hither for the express purpose of serving for the base of the column. M. Mariette has deciphered the inscription, and found the name of Sesostris II., the father of the great Sesostris, mentioned in it; so that Pompey's pillar, now 1400 years old, rests on the fragment of a monument erected at least seventeen centuries before the Christian era. A new basement has now been constructed, with a passage all round the stone, so that visitors may inspect the hieroglyphics; and the whole has been raised in to protect the monument from deterioration.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

I HAVE a notion that the old rickety edifice called "privileges of Parliament" only wants a touch to tumble it into ruins. It was built up, bit by bit, through successive ages, is now very infirm, and only keeps its hold upon the ground because nobody has had the courage to push it aside. At all events, some parts of the edifice are, I am persuaded, doomed to fall, for not only are they rotten, but they are out of harmony with the times and the offensive. Thus, dropping my figure and speaking in plain prose, will it be possible for the House to maintain the questionable Star Chamber privilege of trying offenders against its rules, and of imprisoning them if they are found guilty? Surely not. Her Majesty, who is an estate of the realm—nay, is a branch of the British Parliament—has no such privilege. If an offence be committed against the Sovereign, the person suspected of committing the offence (there being no Star Chamber now) is proceeded against by due course of law. But the House of Lords and the House of Commons, if an offence be committed against them, take the affair into their own hands, send for the supposed offender, question him, try to convict him out of his own mouth, either at the bar or in a Committee-room, and, if satisfied that he is guilty, commit him to prison. Now, I do not believe that this extraordinary "privilege" can stand much longer. It is an anachronism, a thing out of date and repulsive to all our notions of justice. What will happen will be this, I suspect:—Some day some stranger will be hauled up to the bar or before a Committee, and will refuse to answer any questions. Fancy a scene like this—Mr. Speaker: "What is your name?" Stranger: "John Robinson." Speaker: "Are you the author of this letter, or this article?" as the case may be. Stranger: "I must respectfully but firmly decline to answer any questions." Now, in such a case, what would House of Commons do? I can see nothing that it could do. There is no press-room available now in which perverse prisoners refusing to plead can be pressed with weights until they change their minds; nor do I think that the House could imprison a man for refusing to convict himself. Suppose Sir Charles Clifford—who called Mr. Newdegate over the coals for words spoken in Parliament, and thereby certainly committed a breach of privilege—had been summoned to the bar and had refused to answer questions, pleading against privilege of Parliament the fundamental principle of our criminal procedure, that no prisoner is obliged to answer questions, would the House have sent Sir Charles off to prison? If so, what would have happened if Sir Charles had applied to the Queen's Bench for a writ of habeas corpus?

"Why do I moot this question just now?" Why, for this reason: A trial for forgery has been going on in a Committee-room for some days past, and after Easter the report will be presented; and the House may have to consider this very point that I have mooted. Of course, I cannot pretend to know what has been the precise form of procedure in this case, as the Committee is secret. But it is notorious that a trial has been going on, and that the verdict, whatever it may be, will have to be reported to the House. And I may, without offence, suppose that this trial has been conducted in the usual form—that is to say, the usual Parliamentary form. Rumour says that there will be a row in the House when this report shall make its appearance; and I suspect that this will be so. And who knows but that the hour has come, long prophesied, when this part of the old edifice of Parliamentary privilege must be overthrown—and the man arisen to overthrow it? By-the-way, I may as well say that the forgery is not a very serious matter. It is merely a forgery of names to petitions—the most innocent sort of forgery that one can imagine, and very common; very heinous in the eyes of sticklers for Parliamentary privileges, and wrong, no doubt, as tending to make petitioning Parliament ridiculous, if it be not so already; but still not frightfully immoral, like forging a cheque or a bank note, one would say. Mr. Hennessey, who is a member of this Secret Committee, it is said, will have a good deal to say about the report. The petitions containing the forged signatures are in favour of the claims of Azem Jah. The most questionable of these petitions is one from Pimlico. Fancy the tradesmen of Pimlico petitioning for the ex-Nawab of the Carnatic! I suspect that very few know what a Nawab is. Still fewer where the Carnatic may be found.

Rumour whispered last week that my Lords had licked their report upon the Edmunds case into shape, and that it would be laid upon the table before Easter; but Rumour was wrong, as she often is, for my Lords have adjourned until Thursday, the 27th of April, and the report has not appeared. It is still *in oeo*, I suspect, but will break shell soon after the reassembling of the House, if the process of incubation should not be hindered. What the bird will be like it is impossible to say exactly. I should guess, though, from all I hear and from sundry signs, that it will not be a very dreadful creature, armed with terrible beak and claws to tear to pieces all and sundry within its reach. The knowing ones say it will be a very mild bird, which will hurt nobody much, except it may be Edmunds and two or three comparatively insignificant clerks. The higher people it will only cackle about a little. But it is impossible to say positively. I confess, though, that I expect very little mischief from it, and, as to my Lord Chancellor, I do not believe that it will disturb a curl in his wig.

It seems to be a settled point that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have a surplus of nearly five millions to distribute—and now "what will he do with it?" is the question. I do not believe that, out of the Cabinet, anybody knows, except it may be one or two of the higher-class officials in the Treasury. Still, we can all guess—nay, we may do more than guess, we can reason—though it must be confessed that our premises are but hazy. Everybody expects that we shall have another penny knocked off the income tax. It would seem to be clear, after the decisive vote upon the fire insurance duty the other day, that this obnoxious tax will be reduced to 1s. per cent all round. It will be remembered that the duty on stock in trade was last year reduced to 1s. But what will the Chancellor do with the balance left after these reductions shall have been made? The farmers and landowners, since they heard that the right hon. gentleman will have such a large surplus, have been on the tip-toe of expectation, standing *arrectis auribus*, to catch the word "malt." But, at present, no sound has come. To the reduction of the malt tax there is this old objection—it would cost as much to collect half the present amount as it now costs to collect the whole. However, speculation is useless; on Thursday, the 27th, and not till then, the Budget will be opened.

Sir William Dunbar, Bart., is appointed to the comfortable post of Chairman of the Audit Commissioners—salary, £1500 a year. This is one of the pleasantest offices in the gift of the Crown. The salary is not voted annually by the House of Commons, but is charged upon the Consolidated Fund, and is therefore not liable to be disturbed by a capricious vote. The work is very regular—subject to no influxes; and the office is hedged in by so much mystery that no audacious, inquisitive Reformer ever thinks of attempting to penetrate it. Indeed, the Audit Office is one of the quietest little nooks in the Civil Service. Poor Sir Henry Willoughby used at times to buzz round it, but it is questionable whether the sound of his buzzing ever reached the ears of the quiet, somnolent officials in this Sleepy Hollow. Besides the chairman, there are three commissioners, each receiving £1200 a year, and a staff of clerks besides, which costs the country about £35,000 a year. But what is done in this office no man outside knows. Sir William, then, is to preside over this department; and I, for one, am glad that he has got this comfortable post, for he is a very worthy gentleman, upright and conscientious; and if there be any work to be done he will do it. Sir William was Junior Lord of the Treasury and assistant Government whip in the House of Commons. He is succeeded by Mr. Patrick Adam, the member for Clackmannanshire, who has gone down to get himself re-elected if his constituents shall be so minded, as I suppose, they will be. The salary of a Junior Lord is only £1000, and the tenure is, of course, uncertain, as these Lords of the Treasury always go out of office with their party. But, with good luck, eventually a Junior Lord is generally enabled to steer into some snug harbour, such as a commissionership of customs or excise; and then, if you have

a lot of boys to put out, of course you have only to ask for and have anything in reason.

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

"Always Intended," just brought out at the OLYMPIC, is a pleasant little *lever de rideau*, containing internal evidence of its Gallic origin. Mr. Muddle is a country gentleman, like very many country gentlemen, with one idea; that idea is that his nephew and niece, Charles and Mary, who have been brought up together from childhood, should be married. Thus the bride and bridegroom have been "always intended" for each other; and, as is often the case, regard the prospect of their approaching bliss with great indifference. The jealousy of both Charles and Mary is aroused by the arrival of a Mrs. Mowbray, a young widow, and a fortune-hunting lawyer of the name of Project (a very *stagey* name, by-the-way), and they discover that they love each other with an ardour they were far from suspecting. The widow pairs off with the lawyer, and the young couple eagerly embrace—the opportunity of matrimonial happiness afforded them. Mr. Edgar, Mr. Maclean, Miss Sheridan, Miss Ada Harland, and Mr. Horace Wigan contribute by their excellent acting to the success of the piece. While speaking of the Olympic, let me mention that "Settling Day" has been compressed into three acts—a very judicious alteration. Five acts are too many for the present day. Few Londoners have sufficient leisure to sit out a long performance. Why should a story that can be told in three be spun out into five?

A new burlesque was produced at the ADELPHI on Monday, and with the most entire success. It is from the inexhaustible pen of the indefatigable Mr. Byron, and its title is "Pan; or, the Loves of Echo and Narcissus." Here is the argument from the playbill:—"Pan, being anxious to be loved for himself alone, obtains permission to go to earth as a man, but not, when human, to possess any divine attributes. Disguised as a peasant he beholds Syrius, and, on finding she loves Narcissus, the indignant Pan blights the crops and afflicts the whole neighbourhood with the consequences of his displeasure. Echo (who loves Pan) makes a compact with Syrius (who loves Narcissus), the terms of which are that Syrius shall do her best to induce Pan to return to the love of Echo, whilst Echo shall try to bring about a match between Syrius and Narcissus. Echo plays her friend false, and induces Syrius to take a sea-trip, really selling her to the pirates, whilst Pan sells Echo to the same purchasers. Narcissus enters the vessel disguised as a mariner, and, drugging the pirates' wine, escapes with the two nymphs. Pan—having lost his love for Syrius, who unselfishly saves Echo, who is now beloved by Pan, and being haunted by Echo, whom Jupiter converts into a wandering voice—pipes up his own dirge on the famous instrument which bears his name, and which he forms from a reed by the riverbank, and determines to stop at home for the future, and not interfere with mortals." Mr. Byron's powers of fun, pun, and parody are sufficiently known to enable playgoers to understand the drollery and extravagance he would evolve from the above fable. I will content myself by saying that "Pan" is fully equal to his previous efforts; and the same compliment will apply to Mr. Toole, as the principal character; to Miss Woolgar, as Narcissus; Mr. Paul Bedford, as a pirate captain; and Mr. C. J. Smith as Neptune. Miss Clara Denvil and Miss Lillian Bruce, who are additions to the Adelphi company, played the rival nymphs with grace and spirit; and, finally, the audience were more ecstatic than is usual, even under similarly laughter-provoking circumstances.

"THE ENTOMBMENT." BY TITIAN.

For a people who have but two recognised holidays in the whole year, it is necessary that those precious occasions should be devoted to the recreations best calculated to restore the mental and physical balance from the depression of harassing and long-continued labour. The nature of our climate, as well as ancient custom and the universal rejoicing associated with the event, it is intended to celebrate, renders Christmastide a season of domestic festivity, the anniversary of family affection and mutual good-will. That solemn holiday, the anniversary of which occurs in the present week, was originally observed in the more subdued and serious spirit which accorded with the great and awful event on which the Christian community were bidden to reflect. However desirable it may be for this reflection to retain some influence in the amusements and recreations of the day, the habits and even the necessities of our time must necessarily prevent its being devoted to gloomy austerity; and though there is everywhere observable a tendency to disregard altogether the merely ceremonial observance of days and seasons, there is still ground for a belief that, during that one day snatched from the toil which is exacted from all those who must work to live, even if they do not live to work, there are not wanting solemn hopes and pious thanksgivings, which, without the merely outward signs of fasting and humiliation, may include much heartfelt thanksgiving and the repentance which comes of faith in the Divine goodness. To these wholesome conditions of the soul there are a hundred ministers in the green fields, on the breezy commons, between the hedgerows just budding into pure spring life, or on the seashore listening to the everlasting whisper of the waves. There are a hundred others to be found at Easter in the museums where Nature's wonders have been stored and classified, in the buildings where the discoveries of science point to the illimitable future of our race, and in the galleries where the wonderful story of human history and of Divine beneficence is told upon the canvas by those who had studied how to move the heart through the eye.

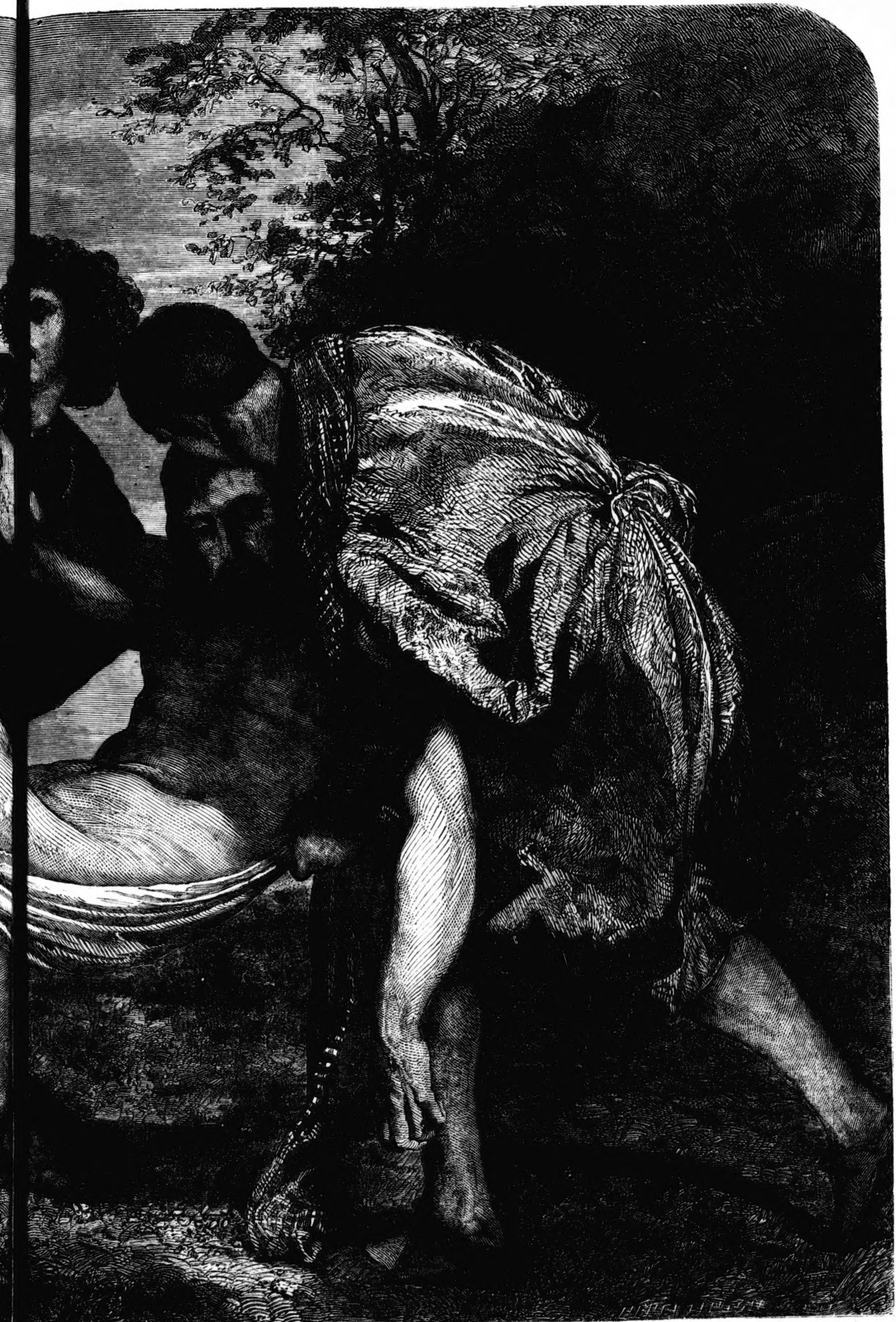
Of all those great names which have come down to us in connection with the sublimest of our painted histories that of Titian, or Titian, still holds the highest rank, for in his pictures that material rendering which is so often the cause of great works of this order losing their full influence is subservient to a spiritual influence which seems to pervade the subject and raise it to its proper height for the contemplation of those who recognise its holiness and beauty. It is nearly three centuries since the great Venetian finished his work—since the time when Charles V., picking up the brush which the grand old painter had dropped, presented it to him with, "Titiano! degno essere servito da Cesare."—Titian is worthy of being served by Caesar; and yet looking to-day at one of his marvellous pictures in any of those great cities which have become rivals for their possession, we feel all the power of his art, not only as a means of intellectual enjoyment, but as a great moral and even spiritual influence. This is especially the case with the picture by the great master, of that most solemn of all scenes, "The Entombment," of which we this week publish an Engraving. The original, we believe, is in the gallery of the Luxembourg, Paris.

THE LANDED PROPERTY OF LONDON.—Few or none—and we include men of learning and rank—are aware that nine English Peers, of the Upper House, or second estate, have greater landed and house property in London, west and north-west of Temple Bar, than any ninety or more commoners of the Lower House, or the third estate. Here are the names of the nine lucky Lords:—1, the Duke of Bedford; 2, the Duke of Portland; 3, the Marquis of Exeter; 4, the Marquis of Salisbury; 5, the Marquis of Northampton; 6, the Marquis of Westminster; 7, the Marquis of Camden; 8, Earl Craven; 9, Earl Portman. No other nine Peers, or M.P.'s, or London citizens of "credit and renown" can be pitted, against these nine Peers as owners of London property west of Temple Bar and without the jurisdiction of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and the oaken truncheons of the Peers of the City police.—*Builder*.

A BRIDE BURNT TO DEATH.—A very distressing event, which formed the subject of an inquiry before the East Riding Coroner on Saturday afternoon, has occurred at Norton, Malton. From the evidence given at the inquest it appeared that a young person, named Annie Elizabeth Marshall, who had been housekeeper in her brother's house, in Rosedale, North Riding, had come from there, a few days ago, to Norton, for the purpose of being married. She and her lover, it seems, had sat up one night, and on the following evening the husband elect again remained with his sweetheart after the family had gone to bed. It seems, however, that both had fallen asleep, and that a stick on the fire had fallen off and ignited the dress (somewhat ample) of the young girl. The young man, on awakening, found his intended wife in flames, in striving to subdue which he was severely burnt. The poor girl was most fearfully burnt, especially about the head, and lingered in tortures till Saturday morning, when death ensued.



"THE ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST" AFTER THE PICTURE BY TITIAN.



AFTER THE PICTURE BY TITIAN.

Literature.

The Life of Thorwaldsen. Collated from the Danish of J. M. Thiele, by the Rev. R. BARNARD, B.A. Chapman and Hall.

This is a pleasant and gossiping book; but of "Life" there is but little, because there is but little to tell. Such events as did occur to the celebrated Thorwaldsen are set down with anxious minuteness—indeed, with evidence of anxiety lest one bead of the scanty string should be lost. Thus we read that Thorwaldsen one day broke a dinner engagement, because he fancied that somebody had been purloining from his collection of medals. It turned out that the missing medals were merely mislaid; but the reader is left in doubt as to whether Thorwaldsen dined out or at home that day. The life proper is so meagre that it would be uncharitable to steal or borrow from it; but the kind of man that Thorwaldsen was may be offered as a bait between the reader and the book. Thorwaldsen's father was a genuine Icelandic, and probably—since Iceland cannot be expected to advance—precisely like those semi-civilised people who gave their hospitality to Mr. Sabine Baring Gould, and had their portraits unpleasantly painted in return. He was sent to Copenhagen, and seems to have drifted into wood-carving, principally dealing in figure-heads for ships. Thorwaldsen thus was born to excel in the sculptor's art. He won gold medals, and the Academy gave him annual allowances for travelling to Rome. Beyond his art he had little or no education, and late in life he appears to be teaching himself his own language. He was industrious and facile, but did not economise his industry. He took commissions by the dozen, executed an enormous number of works, but did not do them in natural order. Mr. Hope had to wait some quarter of a century before he got the "Jason" for which he had paid; and when the Danish King at last gave his patronage, all other kings and Hopes were "left to whistle" for their medallions and statues. The man had no memory, and his secretary or servant had to accept invitations for him and see that he kept them. Thorwaldsen treated all alike; the Pope or the merest plebeian was simply his equal. He was mean in mean matters: liberal when liberality was honourable. He worked for his country, not for his father, not for his mother. They lived, died, and were buried miserably; while their prosperous son was carving virtues and living vice. But he was a firm friend, and the greatest living chief of his noblest art. It is a strange character—a mixture of Iceland and of Rome.

The book abounds with anecdote. Thorwaldsen was essentially a strong man. Of mending statues he says, "It is a thankless task to restore antique works; for, if it be not well done, it were better left undone; and if it be well done, it is as if nothing had been done." And when some visitor came to look at a statue which he had restored and asked him to point out the places, he replied, "I do not remember where they are, and I cannot see them." With such material the book must be readable, although Mr. Barnard was quite right to abridge the original. Dry details of every work executed are, as it is, too frequent. But Mr. Barnard has been careless in his work of translating. He leaves whole pages of French, and a good quantity of Italian. All this would have been better in English. The Danish or the English author is occasionally wrong. The Mr. Labouchere who commissioned Thorwaldsen so largely at Rome, in 1812, can scarcely be the present Lord Taunton, who was then a boy of fourteen at Winchester School. He must have been the father. Concerning the celebrated Byron statue the book says, "Five years had elapsed since Byron had died at Missolonghi, and it was the wish of a certain portion of the English people to possess the poet's bones, and to raise a suitable monument to his memory." Surely Mr. Barnard, at all events, should know that the people of England had for five years possessed the poet's bones, inasmuch as he was immediately interred at Newstead. There is a manifest absurdity in saying "Mr. Hope had paid him 300 scudi (about £63) in advance; but out of this he had to purchase a block of Carrara marble which alone cost him 650 scudi." It is the first time that 650 were ever subtracted from 300. And, to end unpleasant matters, we must object to a list of works executed by Thorwaldsen in 1844, when the book declares that he died in 1843. But yet there is a triumphant march in the Life, mixed up with so many unhappy episodes, that cannot fail to secure for it a ready reading.

Molière Characters. By CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE, Author of "Shakespeare Characters," "Riches of Chaucer," &c. W. P. Nimmo.

This is a very bad book—a scrambling, shambling, disjointed sort of affair, that ought never to have seen the light. It looks like what, we do not doubt, it is—a hash of memoranda for lectures. Some years ago we strolled into a lecture-room where Mr. Cowden Clarke was holding forth upon Molière. We soon strolled out again, and never thought to come across the "lectures" again; but here, we suspect, they are; jerky, superficial, full of windy praise, and coming to nothing after all. Mr. Cowden Clarke is like a showman who blows a loud trumpet, recites a long speech, draws up the curtain, and shows you—nothing. He is quite as ungrammatical as any showman that ever lived. We do not remember ever to have seen a book of respectable pretension so badly written. "It is an intrinsic element in French style—so much so that it pervades their very tragedy." That is from the first page of the text itself; and the very first sentence of the preface is incorrect. This is really a great pity, considering that, as the author says, "the translocatory means of mankind's intercommunion and intercourse are so largely extended," and that so poor a book upon so great a theme can reach us all the way from Florence, as this does.

Molière has hitherto been most unlucky in his critics. Will no one take him up and do him something like justice? His life is a romance, and his plays are full of fathomless humour; yet this is the sort of thing we are, it seems, to accept as criticism:—

A STARTLING PARALLEL PASSAGE!

I have heretofore adverted to the curious parallel thoughts in Molière and our Shakespeare. One of them occurs in this play. Sosia, in his fright, pursues Nick Bottom's mode of showing that he is not afraid—he hums a tune!

We assure the reader that we have here copied accurately, and that the italics are Mr. Clarke's, not our own.

If anybody thinks this a severe notice of a harmless book, we can only say—first, that it is just, and that the book is not harmless; and, secondly, that the "perky" complacency of the author's manner is in the highest degree irritating. It has been insisted by a contemporary that Mr. Clarke has all through mistaken Molière's iambs for anapaests; but, even if that were an open question or an unimportant one, the renderings are so hideously bad that no human being who looked at them could ever believe in Molière without first disbelieving in his translator.

We believe the late Mr. Robert Brough made some beginning with a book about Molière, with versions. Where is the fragment, if anywhere? Mr. Haunay, among living men, might do this illustrious dramatist justice. Of course, the difficulty would consist in making you feel, in English, the force of Molière's wit and humour—an arduous task, for which no man is fit but such a one as would find a sufficient reward in the sense of having done it well.

A Year at the Shore. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S. With Thirty-six Illustrations in Colours. Alexander Strahan.

Mr. Gosse does not possess the lively style of Dr. Buckland nor the vividness of Mr. Kingsley, but yet his natural history books are always entertaining reading, because they are discriminating and honest. The title, "A Year at the Shore," explains itself. Sea things monopolise the attention, which, however, is sometimes arrested by glowing rhapsodies on scenery or weather. The south-west coast is the scene of action. It is there that the limpet is pulled from his rock, and the sea-anemone seen to eat his bee. The prospect is altogether inviting, and the urchins of the deep prove to be as interesting companions as a thoughtful man need care to have in his leisure hours. Much of the "ground," literally as well as figuratively, has been gone over by countless natural historians,

and it becomes our province to praise the execution of the volume rather than to describe its contents. But a few curiosities arrest attention. Weymouth appears to be decidedly more bivalve than is London, at least as regards the scallop. Sometimes that bivalve, about the size of the "oyster scallop," is to be seen in London, but who eats them nobody knows. At Weymouth it is a dainty, and a London pilgrim might be pardoned for going down there and "taking his scallop" in a sense altogether different from that of the poet Parnell. At Weymouth the average of the trawling is five bushels of scallops per week, sold at twopence a hundred, and seven hundred going to the bushel. The customers are "mostly the gentry." Surely our elegant friend the scallop will scarcely be able to avoid very serious public attention when the much-prophesied oyster famine really arrives. Besides, he is a very hardy person and runs not the same risk as the oyster. He has been known to be altogether forgotten for a whole week, and then to be discovered in a cupboard as lively and fresh as a poet with a legacy. Large families are not uncommon, especially in the Church; but, if curates are celebrated in that way, a seaside native, called the *Eolis papillosa*, ought to be a bishop at the least. One of them, of moderate size, and in the possession of Mr. Gosse, deposited in five days nine strings of spawn. Each string comprised 105 convolutions, each convolution 200 eggs, and each egg two embryos—the whole being equal to 378,000 repetitions of itself. The burrowing mollusca appear to be ruthless invaders of our shores—fair successors to the Romans, the Danes, the Saxons, and the Normans. Mr. Gosse avers that they are slowly, but surely, effecting changes in the configuration of rocky coasts by destroying the rocks. Their excavations extend but a few inches in depth; but, as the force of the elements readily breaks down the thin partition left standing, and discovers a new face, so the new borers are continually renewing the attack on fresh ground; and so in time the cliffs are worn away, while the debris of impalpable mud is deposited on the shallows, entering into new combinations, and filling up estuaries and harbours. This is strange news. Are we all to be food for fishes, or are we merely to be conquered by marine miniature monsters, with, possibly, a rock-limpet established on the firmest throne?

These are pleasant pages—so pleasant that it is to be regretted that Mr. Gosse should have gone out of his way to "improve the occasion" at the conclusion. He rejoices that the study of modern physical science has not led him into infidelity; and, as is usual with over-zealous people, who are never so happy as when thrusting their own religious belief upon society, he is bitter against anybody who differs from him in the slightest degree. He says that Coleridge "ought to have known better" than to say,

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;

"a sentiment as silly as it is unscriptural." This, of course, is neither the place nor the occasion for discussing questions of the Colenso kind, and so the subject must be left, with the regret that there is not a little more tolerance "at the shore."

George Geith of Fen Court. A Novel. By F. G. TRAFFORD. 3 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

The mere "F. G. Trafford" on the titlepage would naturally lead people to imagine that "George Geith" was a man's production; but there is internal evidence to the contrary. It is a woman's book throughout—a woman's subject, a woman's style. It is most certainly the best work from the pen which has hitherto produced "Too Much Alone," "The World in the Church," &c.; but, without the credit of a ready-made reputation to go upon, "George Geith" is quite strong enough to make a reputation "right away." Beside the sound moralising, the earnest reflections, the spirit and strength which make every page readable, the story is in itself interesting, and is, indeed, so strong that the writer has been careless as to the leaking out of certain important incidents, although something worthy of reticence is reserved for the end. There are two stories; but George Geith is skilfully made to be the principal character in each. He is sinned upon and made to sin; or, rather, he is made to commit crime unwittingly. A grim Lady Geith cheats him out of his baronetcy and lands by producing a supposititious son and heir; and a series of clever forgeries induce him to think that his wife—the wife of a boyish and shameful match—is dead. He marries again, is haunted into the Central Criminal Court, and the second wife, an angel, dies fairly of a broken heart. But, to begin with, George is a country clergyman, who cuts his cloth, comes to London, sets up in an assumed name as an accountant, and makes money—all for the purpose of saving enough to procure a divorce. When the wife is reported dead, he goes on working, this time for pleasanter aims; but the story of his reverses, his happiness, and his sorrow must be sought in the book itself. This picture of stern determination is carried to the end with astonishing vigour, and the chapters in which the strong man softens under gentle influences is at once natural and forcible, but yet easy. The heroine, Beryl Molozane, is a charming creation. There is much of the "creature not too bright and good" about her. She is a wonderful housekeeper, but knows how to fall in love. She can talk most touchingly, but can also "give people as good as they send" whenever necessary, and sometimes when not. A mixture of wilfulness and divinity, a capricious angel. Mr. Molozane, the ruined gentleman who preserves his honour and dignity to the last, is also good, but it is a fainter sketch. The stiff people and the vulgar people, the real pride and the false pride, the coarseness backed by wealth, and the vulgarity and meanness backed by a good business, are all represented in the pages of "George Geith" with most truthful effect; but no more than a hint of them is necessary here.

We have called this a woman's book because it deals with sins, crimes, and mistakes with which lady novel-writers have been dealing very much of late. Moreover, there is one trick of style essentially feminine and essentially ludicrous. Page after page is filled up with questioning. "Would she keep the appointment? Would George be there? If not, what would happen? Ah! but what if they gave buttered toast instead of sally-lun? No. Would it be wise of her to go that distance to drink Dakin's tea when she was certain to find Horniman's round the corner? But what if all be hollow deceit? What if the Chinese do not colour their tea for the English market?" And so forth. But—to drop an irresistible parody—in one respect the style is admirable. The characters act and speak their characters, and do not suffer the novelist to rely upon mere description. But the authoress can describe well. The country pictures are full of nature, and the purlieus of Fen Court, City, might have been written by the oldest clerk of the oldest house, had he been clever enough.

A Splendid Fortune. A Novel. By the Author of "The Gentle Life." 3 vols. S. Low and Co.

The writer of "A Splendid Fortune" shows—in the space of nine hundred pages—that he has some knowledge of literature. He quotes Hazlitt twice, and occasionally alludes to Jeremy Bentham. A line of Wordsworth is referred to "the Poet;" Mr. Sala, also unnamed, is described as a popular writer of fiction; Cowper is quoted; and, amongst many such things, a line of verse (from Robert Browning, if our memory serve) is given to a "moralist, and a good moralist, too; only our smaller wits will call him obscure." It used to be thought, and still ought to be thought, that a man who has done much good reading should be careful to write only that which is worth having. A man ignorant of literature is not likely to write a good book, although, of course, it is in no way impossible. But the man with literature at his tongue's tip should surely be able to try his own wares by the reasonable standard of others. It is difficult, then, to understand how an author of some presumable cultivation should think that a story, like the "Splendid Fortune," would be welcome to the public. Not that it is bad, although nothing could be easier than to condemn it; but it is not good, although almost every character and incident has been just successful over and over again. This is something like

the story: There is a secret marriage between a young lord and a beautiful girl in humble life. At a yeomanry review a bull attacks the pony-carriage of the young lady; and the husband, dashing from the ranks to save his wife, disables the bull, but gets pitched off his horse and breaks his neck on the spot. During the scene the lady loses her pocket-book, which contains her marriage certificate, and afterwards loses her memory of the church at which they were married. Lives there the novel-reader who could not supply the rest? There is the generous village doctor, her old and constant lover, to protect her. The little boy is born. The certificate falls into bad hands, and is sold for a hundred pounds to two bold, bad ladies of the old Earl's family, who burn it, and brush their teeth with the ashes! Then the doctor easily finds out the church, and procures a copy of the marriage register, only just half an hour before the bold bad women have had it torn out of the volume by the lawyer's clerk. The boy is recognised; but in the mean time the mother has disappeared, she having, "to suit the times," got by accident into a Roman Catholic convent, or oratory, or home, or refuge, or whatever Mr. Scully pleases; and a "Father," always described as a pattern of goodness, actually persuades her to stay there for six years, although he is a friend of all the people implicated, knows the whole story, and knows how much anxiety her absence is causing! Then the doctor discovers her, and they marry; and some more plotting of the bold, bad women turns out a failure, and the main thread of the story comes to a close. The doctor and other characters of his class make pleasant and agreeable reading; but the high life is weak indeed. The heroine, as she must be called, seems to be utterly unconnected with common-sense, and is little better than a mere shadow. There are some scenes of theatrical life, mixed up with a blackguard captain and South Bank, Regent's Park. The "Warlock of the South" means Professor Anderson, the "Wizard of the North;" and the whole story of the masquerade and the burning of Covent Garden comes in apparently for the sake of securing happiness for a detestable married couple, Herbert Stannard and Saffa Montague, a pair of accomplished tricksters, for whom a violent fate would have been more judicious. All this kind of thing was done much better the other day by Mr. Byron in "Paid in Full;" but Mr. Byron did not give us a worthy and honourable old broken-down Baronet pursuing billsticking as the only honest vocation open to him.

Enough has been said. In our own novel-reading experience we have run through "A Splendid Fortune," or something scarcely different, a thousand times over. It is wearying. People have not the faculty of enduring so much monotony, even of the best. It is

Weary sameness in the rhymes,
The phantom of a silent song,
That went and came a thousand times.

The starving people might in time have become tired of the buns which the Princess suggested; and everybody knows the ennui of *jours perdus*. But fancy *jours perdus*! Why, everybody has known the old Earl; the two designing ladies; the broken neck following the secret marriage; the good doctor following the neck; the handsome boy on the pony; the wicked theatrical people, &c., for the last quarter of a century, at least. But the billsticking Baronet is new, and a kind of rough diamond in the midst of his own paste. There is no knowing what Jeremy Bentham might have said on this or on any other subject; but in all probability such writers and critics as Hazlitt, Cowper, Wordsworth, Browning, Sala, and others, would scarcely think the "Splendid Fortune" of sufficient importance to claim the world's attention.

The Banner o' Blue; or, the Career of the Covenant Flag, being a Series of Ballads and other Poems on the great Struggle for the National Covenant of Scotland. By ANGUS MACPHERSON. Nisbet and Co.

A true instinct has led Mr. Macpherson to choose a subject pregnant with poetry. His estimate of it is full of life, and his manner of conceiving the pictures which make up the whole heroic story truthful and unexaggerated. Of course we have all the old familiar incidents and people; Jenny Geddes, with her cutty-stool; Donald McGill; James Renwick; the Pentlands rising; the scene in Greyfriars Churchyard; Mary Bae's Well; and so on. Mr. Macpherson is, every inch of him, a Scot and a Covenanter, and writes with keen feeling. Now and then we have an idea which would well bear expanding; for instance—

Has not each Church a watch-tower of defence,
Which we delight to taper into spires?

Mr. Macpherson is of opinion that "gone is the time for fighting with the sword." But what is there to indicate this? Have men learnt to discriminate between the sphere of politics and the sphere of ideas? Is there any considerable number of people who even dream that such discrimination is possible? Nobody will deny that there has been, in this country, a long lull in the use of the grosser forms of persecution; but there is, of late, a reactionary tendency towards centralisation of all kinds, and, indeed, towards centralising forms of religious belief. If this continues and conquers the material situation, the sword will have to be drawn again.

Remarkable Convictions. By A Writer to the Signet. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.

This is a collection of fifteen cases of remarkable convictions, in which the accused has been found guilty, or subsequently found innocent, through some curiously minute but most convincing piece of circumstantial evidence. The whole fifteen cases are curious, and will be read eagerly by those who love the literature of crime. But, be it understood, this is no vulgar performance of the penny novel school. The most sensational lines that occur are to the effect that the prisoner was executed according to sentence. Although nearly all the cases seem to have troubled the Scotch courts, the W. S. has amiably avoided much of that northern legal incomprehensibility which puzzled us so much in the great Yelverton trial, and, indeed, has contrived to write law matters with unusual plainness. The only bad feature of the book is that the reader never knows whether he is reading fact or fiction. Many of the stories are bona fide, and of others we read "that something like this actually occurred," whilst two or three are even described as "composite."

ROCHDALE ELECTION.—An important meeting in connection with the representation of Rochdale was held in that town on Monday evening. The Liberal electors and non-electors were called together, and upwards of four thousand responded to the appeal. A resolution approving of the candidature of Mr. T. B. Potter, of Manchester, having been proposed, Mr. Bright addressed the meeting in an eloquent speech, urging Mr. Potter's claims upon the goodwill of the constituency. The resolution having been unanimously adopted, Mr. Potter himself addressed the meeting, amid repeated manifestations of approval. The Conservative candidate is Mr. Brett, Q.C., who possesses considerable local and personal influence. The contest is a keen one, and both sides profess confidence in the result.

SERIOUS FIRE AND EXPLOSION IN SOUTHWARK.—A serious fire and explosion took place, on Tuesday morning, in Suffolk-street, Borough, by which a great many persons were more or less injured. Messrs. Tiltard have an oil and dysaltary warehouse at this place, and one of the firm was engaged in the cellar pumping up some benzoin oil, when a cry of fire was raised, and flames burst out in the premises, and explosion after explosion, to the number of four or five, took place, by which the house was shaken down, the slates, beams, &c., were sent flying over the streets, and nothing but the four bare walls were left standing. Several of the inmates on the premises were injured, and some passengers were knocked down, so that it was said nearly 100 persons altogether were more or less injured.

THE CITY BURGLARIES.—The persons charged with the great City robberies were tried, before the Recorder, at the Central Criminal Court, on Wednesday. A vast quantity of evidence was adduced clearly implicating the male prisoners. Harley and Price, alias "Scotty," pleaded guilty; and, prior to the Recorder's charge to the jury, his Lordship ruled that there was no evidence against the female prisoners, and they were discharged, each one affectionately kissing her husband before she left the dock. The jury, after very little hesitation, returned a verdict of "Guilty" against Brewerton, Jeffreys, and Casely. Against Roberts they found a verdict of "Guilty of receiving." The Recorder said he should defer sentence until the other cases, which would be proceeded with next day, were disposed of.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE BESIEGED FOREST LODGE.

(Continued from page 219.)

VII.—THE STORM.

The number of wild figures near the lodge kept increasing; and a few, running from one point to another, appeared to be exciting the rest to make a united attack. But the great mass did not appear much inclined to do so, for an envoy was again dispatched to treat with the fortress. The garrison, however, who had seen, after the first attack, what notions the besiegers entertained on the subject of negotiations, refused to entertain the proposition a second time.

"Go back, you scoundrel!" exclaimed the keeper, Neuber, who had posted himself behind a loophole, to the advancing peasant. "If you advance three paces more, I will send a bullet through your brain."

The fellow, who heard the voice, but could not see anybody, stopped in astonishment.

"You green-coated hounds!" he exclaimed, however, after a moment's pause to collect his ideas, "if you do not surrender yourselves voluntarily we will slay you all alive. Do you think we are going to let ourselves be shot down in the forest here, like a lot of hares? Blood for blood!—that's our sentiment. Liberty and equality! If you do not wish to see the place in flames send us out the keeper and his accomplice, who maliciously killed and plundered our brother in the wood."

He stopped, and appeared to be expecting an answer; but all was still. Not a living being appeared at any of the windows; not a sound was heard. Every one in the lodge seemed dead.

"We have shot them all," exclaimed some one in the crowd. "Let advance and get inside. Hurrah, my boys! Forward!"

The band now gave a shout, which sounded wild and shrill in the morning air and would have done honour to a troop of wild Indians. The assailants then advanced with scythes and pitchforks, with muskets and sabres, having a gigantic individual, with the red, gold, and black flag, at their head. Again did the same horrible cry echo through the forest—again and again—to frighten their foes, and perhaps to raise their own courage. Meanwhile, some of them—at first very cautiously, it is true—had got over the fence to see if there were really any spring-guns there. Finding nothing of the kind, they pulled it up. The mob, which had by this time increased to some two hundred probably, now rushed into the garden, tearing along the paths and over the beds, treading down all that came in their way, and shouting the more loudly the stiller the occupants of the lodge appeared to be.

"Fire!" said their leader, and almost all the muskets were discharged, in an irregular volley, against the building. The windows were smashed in all directions and the shutters perforated.

"They have run out by the back way," cried a shrill voice, piercing through the noise. "Let us go there directly, or we shall be too late."

With rapid steps the mob bounded on towards the door of the house. Sharp flashes darted from the barricaded windows right and left among the besiegers. Two or three of the latter sank down and were trodden under foot. Again there was a cracking report, and then again a shower of shot was poured from above upon the heads of the rioters. The wounded and killed fell right and left, mixing their death rattle with the furious shouts of the others.

"At them—on to them!" still shouted the mob, lashed up to madness by so warm a reception, and, moreover, half drunk. "They can't touch us if we get close to the house;" and a portion of the band, rather seeking protection than impelled by their bravery, rushed up towards the door and the walls of the building. The door, against which they ran with all their force, withstood the first shock, thanks to the beams and bricks piled up behind it. The crowd was, however, too strong, and the sturdy wood began to crack on its hinges, when Brommer gave a fresh turn to the conflict.

As soon as he had fired his guns, and perceived that the mob, instead of fleeing back into the forest, pressed forward with all their might against the door of the house, he had rushed off into the kitchen, whence he now returned, and ran up stairs, with a cauldron of boiling water, which had been prepared for the purpose. The window over the doorway was wide open, and with a cry of "Heads below!" he poured the scalding flood upon the dense crowd underneath.

The effect was magically rapid. Bellowing loudly, the scalded victims dispersed, and, as some well-aimed shots fell amongst them, their first alarm degenerated into a wild and disorderly flight. Four dead bodies remained, lying before the house, and a large number of persons, severely wounded, dragged themselves with difficulty out of rifle range into the forest.

The foresters quickly reloaded their guns, fully expecting another attack. They had not, in fact, supposed the mob would have dared to adopt so decidedly aggressive a course, and feared they might now have lashed their opponents into a state of actual frenzy. With the danger, however—as is nearly always the case—their courage increased. They had successfully beaten back the first assault, and now awaited the second with stubborn defiance, if not exactly with composure; but there was none made.

In the wood the band raged and bellowed, but did not dare to undertake a fresh attack, by broad day, against the sharp rifles and other firearms which opposed them. They had also to convey their wounded to the town; and many a one, on beholding the blood and suffering around, became, all of a sudden, much more quiet and sober.

At last everything was still. Voices were heard at a long distance off, as if the rioters had descended the hill; but in the woods near at hand nothing was seen or heard of them.

That the Hülseiners would not abandon the business thus, the inmates of the lodge knew full well; but the keeper looked forward with a degree of impatience that was becoming painful to the expected assistance from —, which must arrive all the sooner as the burgomaster also had dispatched a trustworthy man thither on the previous evening. Hour after hour passed by, however, and no assistance came. No trumpet signal, no roll of the drum, announced to them that they would be delivered from their painful position and protected against further murderous attacks on the part of the mob.

As night drew on and heavy-looking clouds covered the entire sky with their grey veil, the more silent and still became the inmates of the menaced lodge. They knew that with the darkness of the night, which concealed from them the moon itself, their risk of being surprised by the lurking foe increased, and that vigilance was now doubly necessary. The excesses committed, in the first instance, by wanton arrogance, were now fanned by a desire of revenge for the blood shed, into a fierce flame; and who could say how long the besieged might be able to defend themselves?

On the side towards the garden the lodge was rather exposed, except that the low and isolated bushes offered too little shelter to an attacking party. There was much more reason to fear for the safety of the barns, which were only separated from the wood by a narrow road. It is true, they were surrounded by a tolerably high wall, and the roof was formed of tiles. Still, lighted too hot under the roof might endanger them; and the greatest care and vigilance were therefore requisite.

The burgomaster and assessor of Hülse were in a fearful state of alarm the whole day. They wished to set out for — and leave the lodge, which struck them as a rather dangerous place, but did not dare attempt to carry out their desire by themselves. Haller, it is true, offered to send the keeper's assistant from Illegstein with them, for, with their continual anxiety and dread of the worst, they served rather to deject than encourage the rest. The keeper's assistant, however, refused to go, especially as, according to him, there was not the slightest chance of their missing their road. As long, he said, as his comrades were in danger of a second attack he would not leave them in the lurch. Meanwhile it had become completely

dark, and Frau Haller was just going up to the loft where her eldest boy, Carl, had been posted to watch to keep him company when he came running quickly down stairs and told his father he had seen a light at the corner of the garden. It had certainly disappeared, but had returned. At any rate, everything was not right.

The keeper went up himself in order to obtain a better view of the ground, as far, at least, as the advanced period of the evening would allow him, when suddenly two shots were fired, in rapid succession, close behind the barn.

"There they are!" exclaimed Brommer, throwing open the barn door and rushing in. He had guessed the spot pretty well, for from the laths on which the tiles were laid a quantity of burning tow was hanging, while another lot had fallen upon the straw on the ground. He picked up the last lot and immediately trod it out, but he could not reach that above him, and so he called for the garden engine from the courtyard.

Though the two beaters were on watch on this side of the lodge, the person who had fired the gun had escaped them, thanks to the darkness and the shadow of the bushes. They had only seen his figure as he was retreating, and were now, with their guns to their shoulders, lying in wait for any new attempt of the incendiaries.

While these things were going on in the back part of the buildings, those assailants who were in front did not remain idle. Carl was quite right; for the keeper himself, as soon as he was in the loft, remarked the light, which seemed to proceed from a lantern, and was on no account intended for him to see. He knew, however, that he had to expect only enemies in that quarter; and therefore, seizing his rifle and, taking aim until he had brought the sight and the speck of light into a line, fired.

A loud scream followed, and then all became again so deadly still that the anxious listeners could plainly hear the echo of the report as it reverberated among the distant hills, as well as the rippling and murmuring of the brook far down in the forest.

For a full half hour did the men stand thus, each with his gun on full cock in his hand, expecting every instant the attack of the foe. But not a sound broke the stillness of the night. The leaves could be heard to rustle a long distance off. One solitary grasshopper was chirping in the elder-tree, which had already dropped its blossoms, and was then again suddenly silent, as if startled at finding itself the only thing that had attempted to break the almost unearthly stillness.

Suddenly a short, sharp flash darted through the night, and the shot thundered through the forest, mingling with dull, low tones, which, for the first time, found their way from the west. The flat, leaden sound of a bullet striking against the wall of the house was felt rather than heard by those inside. Shots now rattled right and left, both out of the wood and the back building, whence the beaters fired at dark figures that glided by.

But the assailants had abandoned the idea of doing anything with their muskets, when opposed to the well-aimed shots of the keepers, who, moreover, were protected by the walls of the lodge, behind which they stood. Their present attack had another object. While they crept up, in the darkness of the night, they fired on and into all the openings within reach. One, especially, of the peasants, more cunning than the rest, had made small bags filled with touchwood and a slight charge of shot. These he fired under the dry roof, and their dangerous nature was soon only too apparent.

While some of the crowd, pursuing with stubborn obstinacy their work of vengeance, made a sham attack on the front of the house, but took very good care not to come within reach of the dreaded rifles, the others kept firing off uninterruptedly their guns, and Herr von Beiwitz, to whom the fire-guard was now intrusted, although assisted by the burgomaster and assessor, as well as by a woodman, had quite sufficient to do to put out the glimmering charges of wadding.

Haller soon observed that no real attack was at present meditated from the garden. He ran off, therefore, to his room; and, snatching up a parcel which Helzig had brought from —, hastened, with Brommer and the keeper Neuber, to the back, leaving only the assistants in front as guard.

The foresters were soon informed of his intention, and were standing with their rifles pointed, when suddenly, out of the middle opening in the loft, a hissing trail of fire darted and shot forward towards the point where they supposed their enemies to be. The latter, who were really collected at the spot in question, looked with amazement at the rocket, and were not quite sure what it meant until it suddenly burst over their heads into a shower of sparkling balls of fire, rendering the open space almost as light as in the daytime.

At the same moment the report of the foresters' rifles was heard from the loft, while the dull sound of the bullets and the cries of pain that followed proved plainly enough they had hit their mark.

"Fire! Fire!" was heard, all at once, from one of the side sheds, whither the assessor had been sent in order to ward off any danger that might threaten them. A charge of wadding had been lodged in the building and had set it on fire. The cry of alarm caused everyone to leave his post and hasten to the spot; and, while the besieged were engaged in extinguishing the fire, the peasants and townspeople sent, with a perfect roar of delight, six or eight charges into the other wing of the building.

Again a rocket shot forth towards the spot where they were assembled; but the damage done among them by the traitorous light of the first had rendered them cautious and timid. At the appearance of the second everyone fled for shelter behind the first tree or bush, and there remained, quiet and motionless, until the fireball had died away and fallen to the ground.

The report of a rifle, followed immediately by a shrill whistle—a signal that the keeper's assistants needed help—was now heard from the front building. In a couple of jumps Brommer was down in the courtyard, and, loading, as he ran along, his gun, which he had fired off at random into the thickets, he rushed to the assistance of his comrades.

While in the courtyard he observed a bright light which, it struck him, proceeded from the garden. He flew up stairs, and, rushing into the room, soon perceived that the palings on the right were in a blaze, and that the flames were being rapidly driven towards the house by the wind which had now risen.

No one was to be seen near the spot, spite of the light which the fire spread around; still it was no use to think of putting it out, since it was pretty certain that many were lying on the watch for the purpose of welcoming with a shower of lead whoever might venture outside the house.

Brommer's sharp eye soon detected among the thickets the white shirt-sleeves of some of the concealed assailants. But the men kept out of range of the shot, and trusted to the fire alone to complete the work.

The second paling now began burning; and sharp flashes of forked lightning, which darted across the dark grey sky of night, added their unearthly light; while the thunder, approaching nearer and nearer, mingled its low rumbling with the whole.

Brommer sprang back into the courtyard so as to have the engine in readiness in case the fire approached sufficiently near the house to endanger it. At the same time the besiegers, taking advantage of an old shed attached to the house, and used for keeping ladders and poles in, had thrown a few men into it and set it on fire. An aperture that had been overlooked communicated with the cow-house, the roof of which was soon in a bright blaze; and the woodman and Herr von Beiwitz were busy untying the cows and driving them into the yard.

In the middle of the place, wringing his hands in helpless bewilderment, stood the Burgomaster of Hülse, staring at the burning mass above his head.

"There's the burgomaster in there, there is!" cried an astonished voice through the opening, and Brommer, who had just rushed up to the door, had scarcely perceived a human face at the aperture before he brought his gun to his shoulder, and sent a full charge of small shot through the hole.

This was followed by the fall of a heavy body outside. Inside, however, there was now nothing more for the three men to do than

to save the two horses and the other cattle, which they got with great exertion into the yard, and then shut the door of the cow-house behind them. Haller's shrill whistle at the same time recalled his party from the barns. It was necessary they should abandon those buildings and all retire into the lodge, so that they might defend at least that.

A beater was absent. He had been shot through the breast and killed upon the spot. His comrade had tried to carry him off, but the fire, which was rapidly spreading around, compelled him to think of his own safety. Out of doors one flash of lightning followed another, and thunderclap after thunderclap rolled along the sky. The storm was now exactly over the forest, but as yet not a single drop of rain had fallen.

In the midst of this tumult of the elements, the cattle bellowed, the crowd outside danced wildly around the burning buildings, the crack of a rifle was now and then heard, the wounded uttered groans of pain, and the thunder pealed forth from the tempest-laden clouds.

VIII.—CONCLUSION.

The little garrison had, meanwhile, thrown themselves into the lodge, which it was absolutely necessary they should defend to the last stone, if they did not wish to fall into the hands of the raging mob without. But, while the wind was favourable to them in so far as it drove the fire from the barns, it impelled the flames all the more rapidly towards the palings and directly towards the house, and they now greedily twined around the nearest window-shutters.

Brommer, who had cast a timid look upwards, ran off to the kitchen, and soon returned with a pail of water, which, heedless of those lurking without, he threw out of the corner window on the flames. Directly, however, he showed himself, illumined by the glare, three shots were fired at him in rapid succession. One bullet, passing over him, lodged in the beam above his head, the second perforated the pail, and the third cut half of one of his ears off as clean as a knife might have done it.

A part of the mob had, meanwhile, surrounded the back of the barn, and, as it could no longer be defended, had broken in a small side door. They did not, however, yet venture into the courtyard, which was dazzlingly illumined, but merely fired at the bellowing cattle and the horses that were scampering about.

The flames now twined up the side of the house—in only one place, it is true, but, fanned by the wind, more and more greedily every moment. Though the little engine was worked from the window, it proved of but slight service. Besides, scarcely a quarter of an hour elapsed before the water was exhausted, and the way to the well was cut off. The foresters had certainly kept a space all around tolerably clear with their rifles; but they could not, in the end, subdue the destroying element.

Suddenly wild shrieks resounded below in the house. As Haller sprang to the stairs a gun was fired up them. The enemy had, Heaven knows how! forced a passage into the house, and were now sate of their prey. All at once a sharp rolling noise was heard, and then a trumpet signal sounded from the forest.

"Those are drums! Those are soldiers!" shouted Brommer, in a loud and joyful voice. "Hurrah! we have got help."

With these words he discharged his rifle right down the stairs, creeping up which he thought he perceived the figure of a man.

A regular volley of musketry in the distance answered the shot, and at this moment, as if to aid the hardpressed foresters, the rain fell like a deluge, and the water streamed in torrents from the roof.

"The fireballs—the fireballs!" shouted, suddenly, Herr von Beiwitz. "Send them yonder where it is dark!"

The keeper quickly followed this advice, and shot the flaming lights up in the night to support his allies. Brommer, however, troubling his head at present very little about any danger to which he might be exposed below, sprang down stairs with the pail for the purpose of fetching water from the well and seconding the heavy rain wherever the flames were still twining about the house. Nor had he anything more to dread, for, as if seized with a perfect panic, the rioters all started at the very first roll of the drum, and, after the first volley, fled into the forest as quickly as their legs would carry them.

With the assistance of the soldiers and of the rain the fire in the lodge was mastered. It raged, however, with such violence in the barns and stables that they were burnt to the ground, and it was only with great trouble that even the storehouse could be partially saved. A small garrison was left as a protection to the lodge, and the rest of the troops marched back the same night to the town.

A long investigation led, subsequently, to very small results. Of the principal ringleaders, some had been killed and others had fled; while events of greater importance soon threw their excesses into the shade.

Haller, who had to play a part in the whole weary investigation, became perfectly disgusted with everything relating to law and woodcraft, and really had serious thoughts of emigrating. The ties that bound him to his home were, however, too strong, and, as he had behaved in these troubled times with such bravery and resolution, and suffered, also, so much, besides appearing to be in danger in the neighbourhood of Hülse, he was soon afterwards removed, with his two assistants, to another part of the country, and advanced to the rank of ranger. Herr von Beiwitz likewise received a ranger's bailiwick: Brommer remained what he was.

Haller's wife found it, at first, a painful thing to leave for ever the spot where she had spent so many pleasant hours. But, on the other hand, she was glad to get away from a neighbourhood with which so many fearful reminiscences were connected. She could never afterwards enter without a shudder the devastated garden, soaked with human blood; and even the song of her darling nightingale always conjured up afresh, with painful and fearful vividness, the alarm of that evening.

Another keeper now resides there. The peasants living near the forest exercise their own right of shooting—that is to say, they may fire off their guns wherever it pleases them, for there has been nothing to shoot in the forest for a long time; and in Hülse the people again follow, as before, their occupations of weaving, woodcutting, and, as there is no more game to steal, wood-stealing.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The challenge which has been given by the Royal Horticultural Society to the gardens of the Sovereigns of Europe for a competitive exhibition of fruits and vegetables has been favourably received by France, Russia, Italy, Turkey, Hanover, Greece, Belgium, &c., and further answers are being daily received.

THE EASTER MONDAY VOLUNTEER REVIEW.—The arrangements in connection with the great volunteer review at Brighton were finally completed and sanctioned on Saturday by Colonel Erskine, Inspector-General of Volunteers. The infantry will consist of two divisions, one to be under Major-General Russell, C.B., from Shorncliffe, and it is expected that the other will be under Brigadier Elliot, from Aldershot. The infantry brigades will be nine in number—viz., 1st, under command, as Brigadier, of Viscount Ranelagh; 2nd, Lord Elcho; 3rd, Earl Grosvenor; 4th, Lord Kintore; 5th, the Marquis of Donegal; 6th, Lieutenant-Colonel G. E. Thorold; 7th, Lieutenant-Colonel T. R. Digge; 8th, Lieutenant-Colonel Viscount Bury; 9th, Lieutenant-Colonel C. Dunmore. The artillery will consist of four brigades, under the command of Colonel Ormsby, R.A., and comprise no less than forty-eight guns—the largest display of artillery ever made at any volunteer review. These guns consist of eight 6-pounders, fourteen 9-pounders, twenty-two 18-pounders, and four 24-pounders. From the completed returns, it is estimated that the total number of volunteers who will be present in the field will number at least 22,000 of all ranks, being an increase over any previous year. The number present last year was only about 16,000, or 2000 less than was anticipated. About 15,000 volunteers will proceed from the metropolis, exclusive of the 1st and other Surrey corps, and the corps from Hants, Sussex, and Bucks, by which the aggregate will be swelled to more than 22,000. The brigades have been arranged nearly in the order in which they will arrive at Brighton—viz., the first division of the 1st Brigade, on its arrival at Brighton, taking up its position on the extra north of the Level; the other brigades as they arrive being formed in regular order southward, throughout the general line of enclosures which reach from the Level to the Steyne. When the positions shall have been taken by the troops, the public will be permitted to pass along the racetrack to the ridge running from the northern end of the White Hawk Down, and forming the end of the Sheepshead Valley, where the ride butts are situated. The whole of the upper ridge between Upper Bevenham and the Warren Farm, and extending to New Market-hill, is also to be appropriated to spectators.

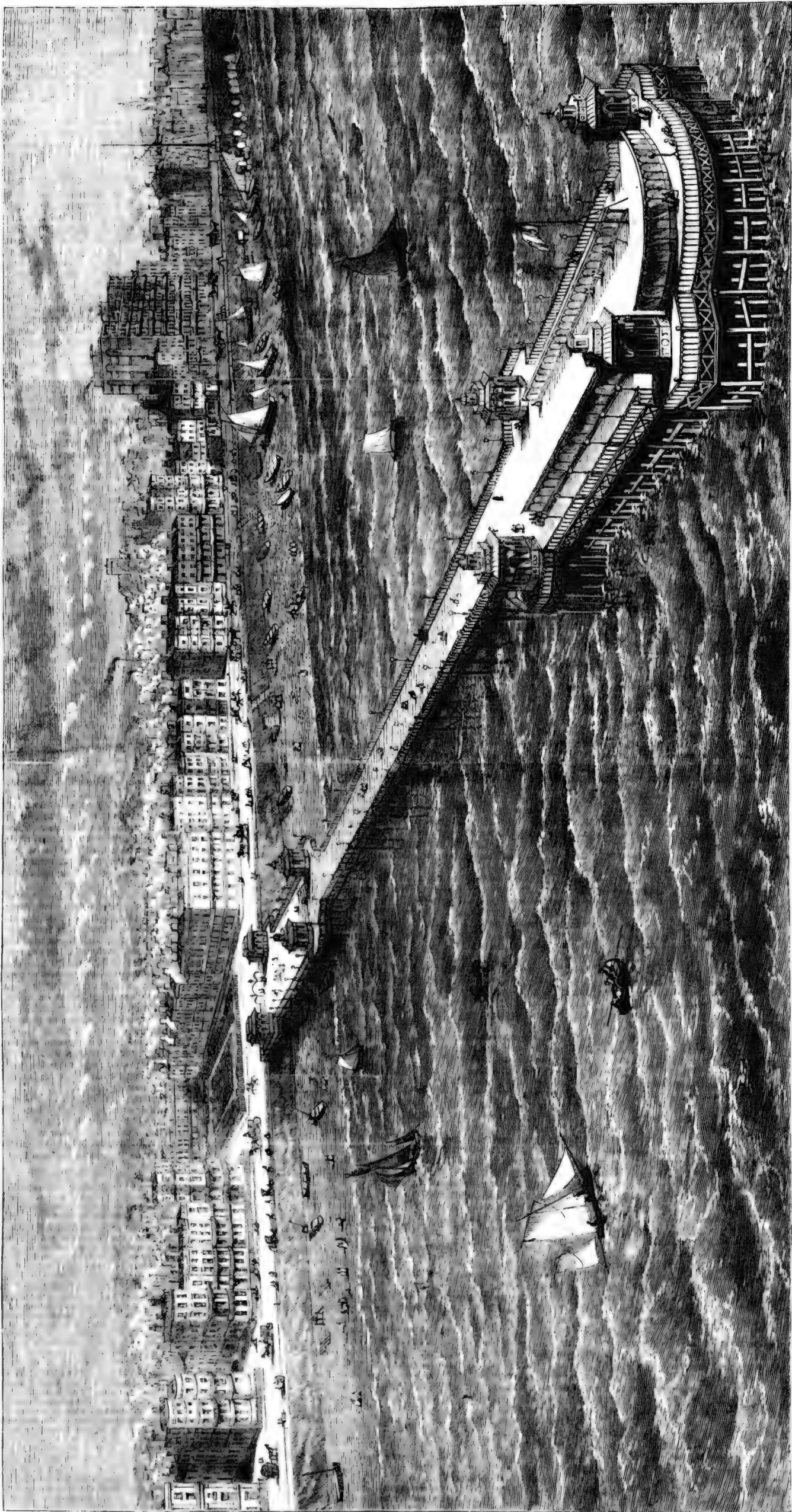
THE NEW PIER AT BRIGHTON.

On Easter Monday a great volunteer army will invade Brighton, and to watch their peacefully warlike manoeuvres an enormous concourse of people will assemble on the great undulating downs which are amongst the pleasantest and most eagerly-sought breathing-places on the English seacoast. Even the widely-extending Brighton of to-day, with streets and squares stretching week by week into spaces that were lately but quiet,

oulying nooks, will be hardly put to it to find room for all the crowd of guests who will come hungry, thirsty, and tired from the great civil military show; and it may be doubted whether anybody, except some of those "oldest inhabitants" (if they, too, have not been superseded), who sit and doze in the sun, will think of the time when the place was a little fishing-village, the salubrity of which was discovered by Dr. Patrick Russell. Apart from that earlier time, when the town is said to have occupied a site now represented by the further end of the chain-pier, Dr. Russell may

be said to have founded Brighton by his recommendation of it as a suitable place for the sea-bathing of which he was an advocate; and, although he must have had the institution of bath-rooms in perspective—for to this day the Brighton shingle is a caution to those who inadvertently sally from a "machine"—his wealthy patients went to the village, dipped, breathed, walked, and were consequently cured. With the mitigation of disease came the desire for pleasure, and what Doctor Russell began a greater patron consummated in the construction of

that wonderful Pavilion, which, from the marine residence of the gorgeous Monarch who first gave a true flavour to the sea air, has alternated through the various gradations of lecture-hall, ball-room, wild-beast show, and all the seedy and ephemeral occupations of an overgrown, ugly, and deserted building, too tawdry for posterity and too costly for us. To the Pavilion and George IV., however, Brighton owes a debt of gratitude which it should never forget; and, though the beach may be covered by visitors who make the most of their eight hours at the seaside by refreshing



THE NEW WEST PIER AT BRIGHTON.

themselves with shrimps and bottled porter until their return to the railway; though the Seyne may have lost its fashionable attractions for a great part of the year; and, though the Chain Pier itself may occasionally be given up to a boisterous crowd of unwashed or overwashed excursionists, the place is still one of the most important, and certainly not one of the least aristocratic, of seaside resorts.

That the constant influx of visitors and the cheap and rapid railway communication have instituted a new kind of prosperity there can be little doubt. They have, in fact, altered the whole aspect of Brightonian society.

But it is to the credit of the townspeople that they have endeavoured to meet the new order of things in an accommodating spirit, and that Brighton is the most convenient and the most reasonable of watering-places—the private houses and the hotel accommodation keeping up to the race of public invasion with an undaunted spirit and good-humour which seems to glory in their near neighbourhood to the metropolis.

So familiar to most Londoners has this pleasant, bustling, boisterous, breezy town become that most of our readers will have already grown familiar even with the latest improvements, rapidly as the additions are

made to its already ample streets and squares. One of the latest of these which has taken a very prominent place is the new hotel, of which particulars have already been published, and the general arrangements of which, from their magnitude and completeness, are likely to attract many occasional residents whose great delight is a fine sea view. Still later, however, is the work represented in our engraving, which, inasmuch as it is not yet completed, may, for a day or two at least, be said to be the newest "trifle from Brighton," presented to the London public.

We say the London public, although, in fact, the new pier was first

designed in consequence of a requisition of the inhabitants of the West Cliff and its immediate neighbourhood, who had for some time thought it desirable to establish an ample landing-place at this point. A committee having been formed to consider the project, it became necessary to organise a company, and the work was commenced last year with every prospect of its being completed before the end of next winter. The arrangements are intended to include not only a series of landing-stages for the passengers from pleasure-boats, who will thus be able to disembark easily at various states of the tide, but also a



"KISS-IN-THE-RING."—(DRAWN BY FLORENCE CLAXTON.)



TATTERSALLS' NEW HORSE REPOSITORY, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

quay or large landing-place at the extremity of the pier, for the convenience of steamers, including those carrying passengers from France, who may land here when the weather renders it difficult to proceed to Newhaven.

The pier itself, which will be of considerable width, will form a handsome promenade, and at the end a large saloon will be erected for the accommodation of visitors who desire a pleasant lounge, to read or to look out seaward. Situated as it is, opposite Regency-square, this addition to the town will be of no little importance, and may be fairly regarded as one of the principal public works by which Brighton has recently been distinguished.

The pier is constructed wholly of iron, with wrought-iron girders supported on cast-iron columns in clusters about 60 ft. apart, screwed into the chalk rock to depths varying from 10 ft. to 15 ft., and is of great strength and solidity.

The entrance is 200 ft. in width, narrowing to 100 ft., where the tollhouses are erected, with handsome ornamental gates and turnstiles between. The abutment, 100 ft. wide, is then continued seaward about 300 ft., on a level with the esplanade, terminating in a short flight of steps, and flanked by ornamental octagonal houses, 25 ft. in diameter, on each side.

The main body, which is 40 ft. in width, is then carried out some 550 ft. further to the head, which is 300 ft. long by 130 ft. wide. Four ornamental houses, of similar character to those already mentioned, are placed, as it were, at the four corners of the head, some 15 ft. within the balustrade. The chief feature, however, of this portion of the structure consists in inclosing the space between the houses (but open at the shore end), and comprising an area of 200 ft. by 90 ft., by means of glass weather-screens, about 15 ft. high, having seats on each side and covered over, so as to form an open-air concert-room, sheltered from the wind, and capable of accommodating some 3000 or 4000 persons.

The total length of the pier is 1150 ft., which is about 20 ft. longer than the old Chain Pier. Seat accommodation is provided along its entire length. The tollhouses are 20 ft. high; the other houses, six in all, and which are intended for reading and refreshment rooms, and other purposes, somewhat more; but the whole of them are of an extremely elaborate and ornamental character. Indeed, throughout, the utmost care has been bestowed, both in the general design and decoration, to render this pier the most magnificent specimen of the kind in the world.

The entire structure will be lighted with gas, and will be painted after the principle adopted by Owen Jones, and of which the new buildings at the South Kensington Museum form such splendid examples. The undertaking was commenced last year, and is being carried out by a company, at a cost of about £25,000.

E. Birch, Esq., of Parliament-street, is the engineer, and Messrs. Laidlaw and Son, of Glasgow, are the contractors.

KISS-IN-THE-RING.

"SPRING'S delights once more returning" have arrived most opportunely, with the promise of a fine Eastertide; and, although the old outdoor sports and pastimes, which once inaugurated this season of the year, have almost fallen into disuse, and the merry "greenwood" or the "flowery mead" may, in general, be suspected of uncomfortable sloppiness at any date before May, there is something so cheering and genial in the broad, glorious sunshine after our long experience of winter, that men and women pent up in London streets may well feel their hearts stir within them with half-repressed longing for the fresh breeze of the open country or a ramble over green fields. The truth is, that a very large proportion of those "labouring classes," for whom so much is always going to be done, and whose dwellings, diet, education, dress, and amusements are from time to time the subjects of such ponderous oratory, are not even yet in a condition to appreciate the benefits of that cut-and-dried recreation which finds its fittest expression in museums, and its most exalted results in the appreciation of art-criticisms. In truth, we are now in such a transitional time that, while we have abandoned most of the ancient games and observances which marked the holiday seasons of the year, we have found little to substitute for them—little, that is, which appeals to the very lowest class of the people. Even the hot-cross bun of Easter has lost its old spice and flavour; and there are now no mutual presentations of coloured eggs and white cakes, except it be in Durham, or at Chester, or in some of the old country towns where ancient customs are more carefully cherished.

The latest of those sports which were left to the Londoner at Easter had a protracted struggle at Greenwich during the time when a fair was held there. That the fair itself was the occasion of much disorder and vice it would be idle to deny; but it was so much easier to abolish the fair than to regulate it, that for several years the Londoner has almost forgotten the ancient glories of booth, and show, and dancing-saloon, and has ceased to be a connoisseur in spiced nuts and gilt gingerbread.

Cakes and ale have retired in favour of virtue, Shakspeare, and the musical-glasses; and when the menagerie travels through London and stays on a piece of waste ground, or when poor Pailasse and his brethren make a pitch on the common and are joined by the swings, the knock-'em-downs, and the peepshow, they are only suffered to remain under strong protest from the advocates of social science and the nineteenth century. Yes, cakes and ale have been to a certain extent abolished, and the utilitarianism of the age may be discovered in the fact that even knock-'em-downs is played for uncertain cocoanuts, instead of for those wonderful wooden lemons, pincushions, knives, dolls, and china images which once made so much of the "fun of the fair." These amusements are doubtless very trifling, and beneath the consideration of great minds; but when we consider how very few minds are above the ordinary size, and what a serious business the common everyday work of life is, a little innocent fooling to unbind the bow of care may be allowed sometimes. One of the pleasantest spots to be seen in holiday time is the gymnasium in Victoria Park, near the outskirts of which a great collection of swings, roundabouts, and other contrivances for children of all growths has been established; but at Hampstead-heath, Greenwich, and all those haunts lying about the forest of Epping, such as High Beech, the Roebuck, and Loughton, there still remain some traces of the Easter sports, and amongst them that most objectionable game, known as "kiss-in-the-ring."

Yes, kiss-in-the-ring has withstood the influences which have gone far to abolish many less striking amusements; and, probably from its peculiar adaptation to the necessities of civilised life, was proof even against the remaining leaven of the Puritan objections. That mankind will never altogether abandon the practice of kissing may be inferred from the conduct even of that most irreproachable divine, the Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, who, having summoned courage, after several years of courtship, to solicit permission to salute the object of his affection, paused, before the consummation of so serious an event, in order to "ask a blessing."

Kiss-in-the-ring is very vulgar, no doubt; and it is scarcely likely that either you or I, dear reader, would care to join in it—say, on Hampstead Heath—"permissus," as Mrs. Gamp would say. Still, when one thinks of what goes on in society, and how usefully a ball-room gallop or a "deux temps" may be made available for the prospective settlement of unmarried daughters, one can see a meaning even in the old game whose formula is "I had a little dog," or "Here stands a young lass." The latter, indeed, in its distinct and open avowal of the purpose of the sport, is, after all, more conducive to that simple truth which is a part of morality than all the finessing of the best connected dowager in Belgravia.

Of course, kiss-in-the-ring is still the standard game amongst hundreds and thousands of children; and a glorious sight it is to see their little rosy faces "half flesh, half fruit," as somebody says, as they go round and round in a swaying circle and sing the quaint old refrain. There are great differences in the individuality even of children; and, just as some of the little girls will boldly and without blenching select a favourite young gentleman to stand with them in the ring, so others will insist on having papa, or will refuse to play at all unless they may get off the kissing. It would be

found, no doubt, if the ultimate experiences of these little ones were recorded, that the seeming bashful ones are married early, while those who take things for granted fall into the unutterable prosiness of single life. It is very much the same with the grown-up children; the unblenching young person who submits to be kissed without a struggle, and is caught pretty easily after the handkerchief has been once cast, is, no doubt, thought a forward minx by some of the party; while, if the truth were known, the blushing damsel who calls out, "Come, father, I won't have nobody else but you!" or she who dashes hither and thither in a wild career, and is finally dragged into the ring, with tumbled hair, dislocated wrists, and a flushed face, will be found on the homeward journey speaking in confidential whispers to the athletic young greengrocer, who has succeeded in her capture, and the banns will be put up on the following Sunday week.

T. A.

THE NEW TATTERSALLS.—THE HORSE REPOSITORY.

BORN to the "sporting world" and to the general public the name of Tattersall is almost synonymous with racing and all that belongs to highly-bred horses. For ninety-nine years the connection has existed, and while the promoters and followers of the great British institution which holds its most popular fête at Epsom have always regarded "The Corner" as the place where their best interests were represented, the ordinary citizen, who would abstain from looking even a gift-horse in the mouth, hears of Tattersalls' and fancies that it is dangerous ground for anyone who has not been previously initiated into the mysteries of the training-stable and the course.

The truth is, however, that "The Corner," as an institution, has been a very valuable means of keeping up the breed of fine horses, since the sales which have been effected there, as at a central and well-known dépôt, have had that sort of guarantee which the experience and integrity of the Tattersalls inevitably conferred on them.

Up to the year 1766, although there were occasional sales by auction of horses, there was no regular repository, and the sales were not effected at any stated periods; but then Mr. Tattersall, who was well known both to sportsmen and horse-dealers, offered his services as auctioneer, and met with so warm a response that he soon obtained sufficient patronage to open the place at Hyde Park Corner, which was built for him by Lord Grosvenor. Here he and his son established a business, to which they soon added a trade in carriages and kennels for sporting dogs; and, having converted the upper part of the house into a tavern, and opened apartments for the Jockey Club and a subscribers' betting-room, they were able to receive the gentlemen of the turf who every sale day assembled to arrange their wagers and to bet on the events of country races. With an increasing connection, and sedulous attendance at the principal races of the country, the Tattersalls commenced the purchase of private studs on speculation, and began the business of horse breeders as well as dealers, in which new enterprise they were greatly assisted by having become the owners of the celebrated Highflyer, by whom the Messrs. Tattersall cleared altogether some £25,000; so that the elder Mr. Tattersall's favourite toast of "The Hammer and Highflyer!" was not altogether inappropriate.

There are few thorough Londoners who have not seen at least the outside of the very unpretentious place where these sales have been carried on, and where the laws and regulations of the betting-ring have been decided on. It was approached by an entrance differing but slightly from that of an ordinary stableyard; and, though the place was thronged with diverse and peculiar visitors, comprising the worn-out jockey or pretended huntsman in the stained red coat, who sold wild things; the slouching tout, whose greatest anxiety was to be "on for half a sov" with some well-known patron of the turf; the professional betting men, who went up the yard, the centre of a small crowd of satellites, and who accepted a thousand-pound wager with the same nod as that which decided "a five"; though all these were crowding and jostling in the small area where the old stoneware fox on a pump formed a centre, the sales went on with no interruption except the occasional restive scramble of hoofs over the gravel in the short causeway where paces were shown.

The ninety-nine years' lease of this place, so long the sporting centre of London, has now expired, and Messrs. Richard and Edmund Tattersall, the present representatives of the family, held their last meeting there a week ago, previous to the inauguration of the new premises which they have had built at Knightsbridge. The new Tattersalls' is quite three times as large as that which will now be pulled down, and stands at right angles to Brompton-road; the frontage, which is plain and unpretending enough, facing that small inclosure of waste land which gives to the place the very questionable title of Knightsbridge-green. This space has been secured by the Messrs. Tattersall, and will, no doubt, be converted into a broad drive leading up to the gates of the new establishment. All round the present horse-mart lie the stables, which are constructed with such admirable appliances for the health and comfort of the animals, by means of patent asphalt, and contrivances for light, warmth, and ventilation, that the thoughtful visitor sighs as his reflections recur to the dwellings of the poor in London and of the superior value of the equine to the human race. It is not, however, that he loves horses less, but that he loves men more; so that there is good reason for congratulating the firm on the completeness of these arrangements. From seventy-five open stables, beside the twenty-five box-stalls for brood mares, an especially valuable stock, the noble animals may be at once brought into "the yard," a fine area of great height entirely covered with a glass roof supported by ornamental iron pillars and brackets.

In a gallery running round this handsome structure are the carriages and harness departments, communicating with the exterior by means of convenient lifts, and entered from the inside by easy staircases. The auctioneer's box stands in the extreme right-hand corner of "the yard," in the same relative position as in the now discarded Tattersalls'; and the Ride, serving as a boundary line or border, encircles the whole area, so that there will be ample opportunity for seeing a horse go at something like a pace. The centre of the space where buyers and lookers-on will congregate is decorated by a cupola, where the famous old fox, duly enshrined, will preside over a company of dolphins interested in a drinking-fountain, *vice* the pump; while his gracious Majesty King George IV. will reign supreme—the long-lost bust having been thoroughly renovated and handsomely fitted with a new nose.

The whole of the stable arrangements and those of the emporium are so complete as to give the patrons of the turf entire satisfaction, and there can be no doubt that the subscription-rooms and other departments of the new building will be equally appreciated.

The Messrs. Tattersall were entertained at a banquet at Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday evening, by the noblemen and gentlemen connected with the English turf, on the occasion of the removal of the firm to their new premises, and as an expression of the high estimation in which Messrs. Richard and Edmund Tattersall are held, both personally and professionally.

THE LARGEST RAILWAY BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.—The proposed bridge which is to carry the South Wales and Great Western Direct Railway across the River Severn, near to Chepstow, is, according to the design of Messrs. Fowler and Fulton, the engineers, to be two miles and a quarter in length, and is to have sufficient headway to permit masts of ships of 122 ft. in length to pass under when the surface of the river is at the level of mean tide, so as in no way to impede the navigation. The principal opening which is to cross the low-water channel is to be 600 ft. span, being the total width of the Thames at Southwark Bridge, or 150 ft. wider than the span of the Menai Bridge. Messrs. Fowler and Fulton estimate the probable cost of this bridge at £980,000, for which sum the eminent firm of Messrs. Cochrane, Grove, and Co. have undertaken to complete the work. The gradients upon this new route will be such as to make the line between London and the South Wales coal-fields better adapted to a large coal and mineral traffic than any other line of the same length in the kingdom. The shortening of distance and securing the better gradients will practically diminish the journey between Milford Haven, the South Wales coal-fields, and London, by about forty miles.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

Who are "the nobility, gentry, subscribers, and the public," well known, at least by name, to the readers of operatic and theatrical advertisements? and why is separate mention made of each of these classes, when the same entertainment is offered to all? Would the nobility be offended if they were not addressed before the gentry? and are both the nobility and gentry better sort of people than the subscribers? As for the unfortunate public (which includes, we suppose, all who are unable to pay a guinea for a stall), that body has never been held in much account by our aristocratic opera-managers; and it is a fact that the aristocracy in England and the despotic Courts abroad have hitherto been the great patrons of opera. Indeed, the people have neither cared for nor been cared for by operatic composers; and, remembering how enthusiastically the most vulgar pieces in our own operas are applauded by the gallery, we are sometimes disposed to hope that this mutual indifference may continue. Despotism has been accused of encouraging operatic performances as a means of inducing political apathy. We believe nothing of the kind—neither in the alleged intention nor in the supposed effect. Joseph II. was in no danger from his subjects, and knew of no danger growing up abroad, when the "Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni" were brought out at Vienna and Prague. Louis XVI. felt perfectly secure when Gluck was producing his magnificent operas at Paris; and, although the attention of the Parisians seemed to be wholly absorbed in the Gluck and Piccini contest, that did not prevent them from rushing immediately afterwards into all the horrors of the Revolution.

In England, however, whatever may be the case in other countries, politics and the opera act and re-act upon one another to some extent, and during the Easter recess the lull that takes place in the Parliamentary world is felt also in the world of music. We do not know whether the members of the Legislature take much interest in operatic matters, but it is certain that the frequenters of the opera are kept well informed, by means of the telegrams posted up in more than one part of the house, as to what is going on in both Houses of Parliament; and perhaps it is the absence of the telegram-paper that renders operatic performances just now comparatively devoid of interest.

Mr. Mapleson's programme has now been some time before the public. Altogether, it is an admirable one, and all that can be said against it is that it is to a great extent modelled on that of Mr. Gye. The manager of the Royal Italian Opera having decided to produce "The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Magic Flute," Mr. Mapleson is also seized with a passion for classical operas, and nothing will satisfy him but to bring out "The Magic Flute" and "The Marriage of Figaro." The production of Meyerbeer's "Africaine" involves a question of acting right, and this right has been purchased for a large sum by Mr. Gye. As much as £1500 has, we believe, been paid for the privilege of playing the work at the Royal Italian Opera, the general privilege for all England having previously been bought by the English Opera Company. However, if Mr. Mapleson cannot perform the "Africaine," no one can hinder him from representing "Linda di Chamounix," poor Donizetti having lived and died before the days of international copyright. In the part of Linda we shall hear Mlle. de Murska, of whom the highest expectations are entertained. We shall be gratified, and at the same astonished, if, as her friends promise, she prove herself a worthy rival of Adelina Patti.

Mr. Mapleson further intends to bring out Cherubini's "Medea," with Mlle. Titiens in the principal character; and Wagner's "Tannhauser," with we know not what cast.

All, or nearly all, the best singers of last season are re-engaged, including (as we have already said) Mlle. Titiens, the best dramatic soprano of the day; and Mlles. Grossi, Bettelheim, and Trebelli, three admirable contraltos. The tenors will be Signor Gardoni, Signor Morini, and, lastly, Signor Giuglini (who, however, we are much afraid, will be unable to appear). Our readers are probably aware that, according to accounts received from St. Petersburg, Signor Giuglini has had a violent attack of fever, ending in delirium, from the effects of which it is uncertain whether he will ever recover. His memory is said to be seriously affected, and the most sanguine of his friends are unable to hope that, even under the most favourable circumstances, he will be well enough to appear at the beginning of the season. Mr. Mapleson loses M. Gassier, who is now engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, in place, we presume, of M. Faure, detained in Paris by the rehearsals and coming production of the "Africaine." M. Gassier is, we believe, the only singer of last year that Mr. Mapleson has not re-engaged. On the other hand, he has secured the services of several vocalists new to this country. We have already mentioned the names of Mlle. de Murska, who comes from Vienna, and Signor Morini (M. Morin?) who has lately been singing at Barcelona. He also announces, among the new sopranos, Mlme. Harriers-Wippen (have we not already heard her at Her Majesty's Theatre, or did she only sing last season at concerts?), Mlle. Liebhart, Mlle. Sinico, and Miss Laura Harris, from the foolishly-named "Academy of Music" at New York; and among the tenors M. Ganz, of whom we know nothing, and M. Foulnai, who has lately been performing with great success at Liverpool. "His voice," according to a Liverpool correspondent, "is wonderfully like that of Sims Reeves, being both sweet and virile. His style," continues the writer, "is manly, yet exquisitely refined"—so that we are once more to hear at Her Majesty's Theatre what we have not heard there since the departure of Mario, an immense number of years ago, a tenor with a "virile" voice and a "manly" style.

The fourth morning performance in connection with the Monday Popular Concert scheme took place on Saturday last. Mlme. Arabella Goddard played, by desire, her favourite Invocation, which, on the "love-me, love-my-sonata" principle, perhaps, is admired by all who admire Mlme. Arabella Goddard; while her two or three enemies, unable to point out any faults in her playing, fall, without mercy, on the unfortunate Dusek, by whom the sonata in question was composed, and who, fortunately for him, died long before the critic of the *Athenaeum* was able to hold a pen. Mlme. Arabella Goddard also played, with Herr Joachim, Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata, which is as popular with the frequenters of these concerts as any one of Mr. Balfe's ballads used to be with the habitués of the English Opera.

A great many incorrect reports have been circulated on the subject of Meyerbeer's "Africaine," and certain alleged alterations and additions to the music attributed to M. Fétis. M. Fétis is superintending the production of the work; but we are assured that he has neither added anything nor taken anything away from the original score. Meyerbeer had finished the opera to the last note. He had even set some portions of it in two and even three different ways, and it has been M. Fétis's task to choose between the various readings. We learn from a respected contemporary that there are twenty-one numbers in the opera, without counting two grand instrumental pieces, a "Religious March," and an "Indian March," in which a pas for a troop of dancing-girls is included. An air for Mlle. Battu, in the first act, and one for Mlle. Sax, in the second, are both published in two keys. M. Faure's principal air is to be published for baritone, tenor, and bass; and there will also be two transposed editions of a ballad which M. Faure has to sing in the third act. Finally, out of M. Naudin's scena, in the fourth act, as many as four different publications will be made; two of the scena itself, and two of a melody extracted from it.

LONDON SEWAGE.—The special report of the Commons Select Committee on the Metropolis Sewage and Essex Reclamation Bill, which has just been published, is entirely in favour of the scheme brought forward by Messrs. Hope and Napier. The Committee allege that the scheme provides for the complete removal from the River Thames of the ordinary sewage from the northern districts of the metropolis; that it provides for the irrigation, by the sewage, of a considerable area, the soil of which is favourable for the purpose; that the low level of the district enables the sewage to be applied with very little mechanical aid; and that, lastly, the scheme disposes of what remains of the sewage in the reclamation of a barren portion of land in a manner recommended by experience.

